

Chronicles

February 1999

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

\$3.95

ISLAM and the WEST



#BXBFHJ ***** 3-DIGIT 943
#94301UZZ555BY003# OCT 2000

14 TURE 228 S00142

RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST # 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

0 "73361"64629" 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

* On Islam, Multiculturalism, and Immigration *

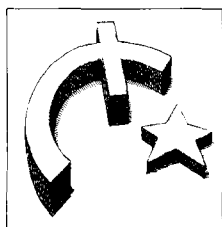
Back Issue #: T969 \$7.00

Book #: PROP \$10.00

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE



PERSPECTIVE

East Is East, and West Is Wuss

by Thomas Fleming

10

Defending decadent Christendom.

VIEWS

Insurgent Islam and American Collaboration 14

by James George Jatras
Living amongst the minarets.

A Quiet, Little Jihad? by Harold O.J. Brown 18
Not with a bang, but a whimper.

Multiculturalism and Islam by Srdja Trifkovic 21
Liberal fiction and historical truth.

OPINIONS

Force and Idea by Samuel Francis 26
Paul Gottfried: *After Liberalism: Mass Democracy and the Managerial State.*

A classic of contemporary conservative thought.

Ah, Wilderness! by Scott McConnell 28
Robert D. Kaplan: *An Empire Wilderness: Travels Into America's Future.*

The undiscovered country.

REVIEWS

James Chace's *Acheson: The Secretary of State Who Created the American World* is interesting but predictable, reports **Paul Gottfried** ♦
Charlotte Allen allows us to draw our own conclusions in *The Human Christ: The Search for the Historical Jesus*, writes **George McCartney** ♦ **Thomas Fleming** recommends *Water Distribution in Ancient Rome: The Evidence of Frontinus* by Harry B. Evans ♦

CORRESPONDENCE

Letter From Australia: Australia's Pat Buchanan: Out, But Not Down 34
by R.J. Stove

Letter From Germany: What Kohl Mined 36
by Josef Schüsslburner

Letter From Florence: Papal Soap 37
by Andrei Navrozov

Letter From Inner Israel: The Vacuity of Jewish Secularism by Jacob Neusner 39

VITAL SIGNS

JOURNALISM: Persecutions 41
by Philip Jenkins

RELIGION: The Christian Challenge in Islamic Africa 42
by Pedro C. Moreno

EDUCATION: The Success of Direct Instruction 44
by Marian Kester Coombs

Bondage Boy Goes to School 45
by Morgan N. Knull

GUNS: Remember Pearl Harbor 47
by David B. Kopel

DEPARTMENTS

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES 4

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS 5

SIGNS OF THE TIMES 24

THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN 49
Neoenvironmentalism
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

POETRY
In Memoriam by Giuseppe Ungaretti 12
Translated by Thomas Fleming

Geldings by Alan Sullivan 19

ON THE COVER

Cover and inside illustrations by Anatol Woolf.

FEBRUARY 1999/3

EDITOR
Thomas Fleming

SENIOR EDITOR, BOOKS
Chilton Williamson, Jr.

MANAGING EDITOR
Scott P. Richert

ART DIRECTOR
Anna Mycek-Wodecki

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Harold O.J. Brown, Katherine
Dalton, Samuel Francis,
George Garrett, Paul Gottfried,
J.O. Tate, Michael Washburn,
Clyde Wilson

CORRESPONDING EDITORS
Bill Kauffman, Donald Livingston,
William Murchison, William Mills,
Andrei Navrozov, Jacob Neusner,
Srdja Trifkovic

EDITORIAL SECRETARY
Leann Dobbs

PUBLISHER
The Rockford Institute

PUBLICATION DIRECTOR
Guy C. Reffett

CIRCULATION MANAGER
Cindy Link

A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
928 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5813.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News
Distributors, Inc., One Media Way, 12406 Rt. 250
Milan, Ohio 44848-9705

Copyright © 1999 by The Rockford Institute.
All rights reserved.

Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published
monthly for \$39.00 (foreign subscriptions add \$12
for surface delivery, \$48 for Air Mail) per year by
The Rockford Institute, 928 North Main Street,
Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Preferred periodical
postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing
offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes
to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris,
IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the
authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect
the views of The Rockford Institute or of its
directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be
returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed
stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A JOURNAL OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 23, No. 2 February 1999

Printed in the United States of America

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Hillary Clinton in Bulgaria

During Hillary Clinton's recent trip to Bulgaria (*Cultural Revolutions*, December), the *Washington Times* featured a front-page photo of the First Lady surrounded by several Bulgarian orphans, over the caption, "Aiding Orphans."

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Clinton showed more compassion toward these Bulgarian orphans than she did during her 1996 visit with their Rumanian counterparts. According to Rumanian news sources, the First Lady made quite an impact on the lives of several hundred of the orphanage's poor boys and girls. In a most benevolent gesture of goodwill and caring, Hillary Clinton gave each needy orphan . . . a pair of sunglasses.

Rumanian authorities and the Orthodox clergy present during this demonstration of Mrs. Clinton's insensitivity and callousness were left speechless. Later, the shocked workers at the orphanage told the press that they had never thought that the First Lady could be so unaware of the underfunded and decrepit state of Rumanian orphanages and so apathetic toward the plight of Rumanian orphans, who are in dire need of the necessities of life and love, not of sunglasses.

After the fall of communism, photos of Rumania's orphaned babies shocked the West. Most of these orphaned babies had remained in unpainted or peeling cribs for months, even years, without being held, or touched, or spoken to. Older children were bathed by being stripped and hosed down like animals. We all saw those pictures. Who could not have been moved by them?

Even a bar of chocolate or a piece of fruit would have been welcomed by these poor, unfortunate children. But a pair of sunglasses?

—Stella L. Jatras
Sterling, VA

On the Art of the Reviewer

Rarely does an author receive the kind of critical understanding displayed in Thomas Fleming's review of *Our Fa-*

thers' Fields ("The Fall and Rise of the House of Hardy," December 1998). Dr. Fleming went to the central issues of the book as a "Southern Agrarian novel" with such a sensitivity and acumen that its author would feel remiss in not acknowledging it. Dr. Fleming's is the kind of review all writers wish for their works but seldom get—especially in these times of the half-considered, the shoddy, the slipshod, the half-baked, the myopic, and the planned obsolescent. What a joyful thing it is to find a reviewer who carefully, thoughtfully reads the entire book, and with a breadth of background that allows grasping the big picture. Only with the classical long view of the Renaissance man is this possible. How sorely lacking in this trait essential to high culture is our poor, sad, "soundbite" century. To Dr. Fleming—who obviously has "knowledge carried to the heart"—the heart-felt thanks of the author of *Our Fathers' Fields*.

—James Everett Kibler
Athens, GA

On "Something in Colorado"

Noises in the woods that the guys just weren't able to record . . . bait laid out but not touched . . . clapping rocks . . . Come on, guys, it sounds like the "snipe hunts" that I was tricked into doing when I was a Boy Scout tenderfoot. But as one of the men said, "It's nice to get into the mountains again."

—J.M. Rodgers
Sierra Madre, CA

On Public Enemies

Your October 1998 issue struck a particularly agreeable note. I am 62, and the society that I knew as a child and young man has been so corrupted that, when I describe that former time to young people, they believe I am indulging some sort of fantasy.

Still, the question posed by Thomas Fleming ("Mob Rules") seems unduly tentative: "What if politics in the modern state really is, by definition, a criminal profession?" We know the answer to that

question. The United States government is, today, the largest and most successful criminal enterprise in all of human history.

It began in exactly the same way that the Mafia began, with limited goals and limited demands. The defense of the nation, courts of law, interstate trade, international trade and tariffs, a common currency, and common dealings with foreign powers were funded by agreeable extortions: It was protection. We paid a little, and we got peace of mind. It was

no big deal. There were benefits.

But both the Mafia and the government discovered, at about the same time, that they could go "big time" by transferring wealth from the pockets of those who actually produce something to those who produce nothing. Unlike the Mafia, however, the government made no attempt to limit its membership; it would accept everyone who applied. But it turned out that there were too many people to take care of. More and more money had to be extorted from the

victim-citizen, and inevitably, the producer lost his incentive to keep producing.

Is the mob taking over the United States? To the contrary. The government has replaced the mob, with one important difference: Uncle Sam no longer provides protection for those who pay up.

—George E. Mohun, M.D.
Novato, CA

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

NAFTA was approved by Congress in November 1993. That year, the United States had a \$1.6 billion trade surplus with Mexico, down from \$5.7 billion the year before. The proponents of the new agreement argued that the "opening" of Mexico would reverse this trend.

Home to 90 million people, Mexico was portrayed as a "big emerging market" which President Clinton claimed could revive the U.S. economy. Clinton came into office with a very pessimistic view of America's economic future. Administration reports regularly asserted that "as a mature economy with few domestic opportunities for growth, we must reach the 96 percent of our customers who live outside the United States." That Mexico lacked the money to buy American-produced goods in volume was never considered. Mexico's GDP was only \$366 billion when NAFTA was signed (less than six percent of the size of the U.S. economy), and Mexico was running a \$24 billion current account deficit. Not only were Mexicans poor, but the ability of their government to finance more imports had also reached its limit.

Mexico went into financial crisis in 1994, requiring a \$54 billion bailout package, financed primarily by the United States. In order to restructure its debts, Mexico had to generate a trade surplus. Between 1992 and 1997, Mexico increased its exports to the United States by 144 percent, running up some \$50 billion in trade surpluses between 1995 and 1997 alone. Mexico's 1998 trade surplus with the United States will be around \$16 billion. But instead of applying this windfall to its international debt, Mexico has used it to attract foreign

investors and to pay for imports from Europe, where Mexico still runs a trade deficit.

The Clinton administration still claims that "NAFTA provides an unprecedented set of comprehensive market opening rules that have expanded opportunities for U.S. goods and services in Mexico." Yet the deep peso devaluation, from 3.5 per dollar in 1993 to 9.9 per dollar in November 1998, raised the prices of American goods in Mexico more than NAFTA tariff cuts lowered them. Thus NAFTA has not lowered the cost of U.S. exports, only of Mexican imports.

Exports to Mexico did increase 76 percent between 1992 and 1997, but the increase has consisted primarily of components to be assembled in Mexican factories for export back to the United States as finished products. The peso devaluation aided this process by lowering wages and other production costs in Mexico.

The largest American export category is auto parts, \$6.8 billion worth in 1997. (In contrast, the United States exported only two billion dollars in finished cars and trucks.) That same year, the United States imported \$9.4 billion in cars and trucks and \$10.8 billion in auto parts from Mexico. All across the country, American parts suppliers are being told to close their plants and head south or lose their contracts to Mexican firms. The "giant sucking sound" only gets louder.

The automotive industry accounts for two-thirds of our trade deficit with Mexico. There are no Mexican auto makers, only foreign firms—American, Japanese, and German—which have built facto-

ries in Mexico. Mexican factories now export more cars and trucks to the United States than American factories export to the rest of the world. The same pattern is evident in other industries.

The Clinton administration knew from the start that this would happen. In 1994, the International Trade Commission's annual report stated that "Having U.S. materials processed or U.S. components assembled in Mexico *increases the competitiveness of U.S. producers* of labor-intensive articles with Asian producers on the U.S. market" (emphasis added). Rather than protect the wages of American workers from cheap foreign labor, NAFTA was designed to protect the profits of corporate America by providing a pool of cheap foreign labor closer to home. The ITC calls this "production sharing."

When parts are exported to Mexico for assembly, jobs are lost in the United States. In the past, these components were shipped across town or across state, to other *American* factories, to be assembled by *American* workers. As a result of NAFTA, what used to be a domestic transaction has become an international one; what used to be a positive addition to our GDP now represents a loss of economic activity in the United States. So while NAFTA apologists trumpet the rise in exports to Mexico over the past few years, the numbers alone don't tell the real story.

—William R. Hawkins

THE IRAQI CRISIS last fall seriously eroded American influence in Europe. On November 16, European foreign and

defense ministers gathered in Vienna to examine the potential evolution of the Western European Union (WEU) into the full-fledged military arm of the European Union (E.U.), a possibility which would effectively replace NATO in Europe and exclude the United States from the Old Continent.

The idea is not new, especially not in Paris and Bonn. Until recently, however, Britain has resisted it—most notably at the Euro-summit in Amsterdam in 1997. But whereas British Prime Minister Tony Blair staved off a Franco-German call for a stronger military role for the WEU on that and other occasions, in Vienna he announced that Britain would “consider various means by which Europe could respond swiftly and responsively” to certain challenges, even if America is reluctant to commit itself. His statement signaled a radical shift in British policy, which had seemed to be firmly founded on Britain’s “special” trans-Atlantic relationship with the United States. Previously, Blair had even proposed the abolition of the WEU, favoring instead a defense link between the European Union and NATO that would include America.

The change of strategy in London is the direct result of the Iraqi crisis, which had reached its climax a week before the meeting in Vienna. The management of that crisis by the Clinton administration contributed to Britain’s growing displeasure with the U.S. leadership, which is now seen in London as erratic, unpredictable, and dangerous. As the dispute over arms inspections escalated, Britain was the only E.U. country to pledge its military forces for attacks against Iraq. Other European nations remained aloof or displayed outright hostility toward the heavy-handed attempt by Clinton, Albright, and Cohen to impose their unilateral interpretation of what constitutes Iraqi compliance with U.N. resolutions. But when the hawks in Washington lost their nerve and proclaimed a non-existent diplomatic victory, London ended up with egg all over its face. Blair’s cautious support of a European security apparatus independent of NATO reflects the desire of the British government not to be left out on a limb again.

In the meantime, Europe’s most powerful country has expressed its desire for Europe to be able to act independently of Washington. Germany’s defense minister, Rudolf Scharping, called on Europeans to “overcome our weaknesses

instead of complaining about the U.S. leadership.” Chancellor Gerhard Schröder is a strong proponent of the WEU defense structure. His junior coalition partner, Green leader Joschka Fischer, declared his opposition to NATO’s current nuclear deterrence strategy, which still allows for first use. In addition, the Germans want to reduce European purchases of American-made weapons systems by promoting intra-European joint ventures that would reduce costs and increase competitiveness abroad.

Last, but by no means least, Germany’s desire to diminish the importance of NATO is seen in Bonn as a means of improving relations with the Russians, who are understandably alarmed at the proposed expansion of NATO. The former Warsaw Pact countries that are seeking military security through membership in NATO also desire membership in the European Union. One way of simultaneously reducing U.S. influence and decreasing tension with Russia would be to offer those countries an alternative, purely European defense structure, which would not be viewed by Moscow as a threat of the same magnitude. Advocates of the WEU-based defense mechanism see it as the best of all worlds: a regional security apparatus capable of projecting influence eastward—thereby reducing Europe’s reliance on the unpredictable United States—and of making NATO’s role in today’s Europe superfluous.

In light of such developments, some European analysts are beginning to suspect that the Clinton administration is persevering in its interventionist policy in the Balkans in order to secure for itself an exclusive zone of political dominance and military presence in Europe in case U.S. troops have to leave Germany. Are Bosnia, Macedonia, Albania, and—in the near future—Albanian-controlled “Kosova” all slated to become Uncle Sam’s post-NATO bridgehead? The notion is not as far-fetched as it may have seemed only a year ago.

Those who shape America’s foreign policy suffer from what British atomic scientist P.S.M. Blackett called the “Jupiter complex”—the belief that “the Allies” (a.k.a. “the International Community”) are righteous gods, raining retribution on their wicked enemies. It was only a matter of time before this brand of statesmanship—bomb Sudan and Afghanistan one day, the Serbs and

the Iraqis the next, and woe to those who don’t toe the line!—produced the kind of backlash we are witnessing in Europe today.

—Srdja Trifkovic

JACK KEVORKIAN may have decided to assist in one last suicide: his own. In November, Kevorkian provided *60 Minutes* with a videotape of the death of Thomas Youk, a 52-year-old man with Lou Gehrig’s disease. Kevorkian bluntly admitted that he had turned the tape over in order to force prosecutors in Oakland County, Michigan, to charge him in Youk’s death, telling *60 Minutes*: “Either [the prosecutors] go or I go. . . . If I’m acquitted, they go, because they know they’ll never convict me. If I’m convicted, I will starve to death in prison, so I will go. . . . The issue’s got to be raised to the level where it is finally decided.” Although Kevorkian was clearly manipulating CBS for his own purposes, *60 Minutes* aired selected footage anyway.

The tape revealed a horrifying spectacle that cannot be called an “assisted suicide” by any stretch of the English language. Kevorkian claims to have provided previous “patients” with lethal doses of medication or the use of his “suicide machine”—a ghastly contraption which releases deadly chemicals into the person’s bloodstream after he or she presses a button—but he made no such pretense this time. Even though Youk could have swallowed pills or used the suicide machine, his participation in his own death was limited to signing a “consent form.” Dr. Death took over from there, injecting a muscle relaxant into Youk’s arm, followed by a lethal dose of potassium chloride. As viewers watched, Youk’s body stiffened and then collapsed.

Almost as horrifying as Kevorkian’s cold-blooded murder of Youk was the decision by *60 Minutes* to run what can only be called a “snuff tape.” Kevorkian clearly took great pleasure in the broadcast, and even Mike Wallace had to admit that there was something “ghoulish” about Kevorkian’s desire to “share” this with the rest of America. Wallace, however, didn’t seem to find anything ghoulish about CBS’s decision to air the tape, and in the wake of the episode, he even assured opponents of assisted suicide that *60 Minutes* had nothing but the best of journalistic intentions. It was merely a coincidence that the segment aired on

the last Sunday of the November sweeps, and that it was the highest-rated episode of the season.

Within a week, Oakland County prosecutor David Gorcyra announced that he would fulfill Kevorkian's wish and charge him in Youk's death, arguing that "Consent is not a viable defense in taking the life of another, even under the most controlled environment." His decision was applauded by Michigan State Senator William Van Regenmorter (R-Hudsonville), a long-time foe of Kevorkian and the chief sponsor of Michigan's recent law banning assisted suicide. "This is a defining moment for Michigan," Van Regenmorter declared. "We are either going to pursue a culture of death or a culture of life."

This is a defining moment, not only for Michigan but also for America. Unfortunately, we may have already chosen our direction: The *Detroit News* reports that, in the wake of the *60 Minutes* episode, a "pro-family" group demanded that CBS air an 83-second tape of a partial-birth abortion to prove that the network will provide "equal coverage to a variety of controversial issues." When Christians delude themselves into thinking that they are fighting for life by exposing Americans to graphic depictions of murder, then the devil can take a holiday.

Ironically, those who truly pursue the culture of life may find Jack Kevorkian to be their greatest ally. His candor about his own twisted desire to watch people die at least allows us to look evil in the face, and to see it for what it is. And, ultimately, evil must destroy itself, which may well be what Kevorkian will do when he defends himself in his upcoming trial. The *Detroit News* reminded its readers of another high-profile case in which the defendant, Long Island Rail Road shooter Colin Ferguson, acted as his own counsel. "Of course, Colin's problem was that he was a delusional psychotic," New York attorney Ron Kuby, Ferguson's legal advisor, told the *News*. How Kevorkian differs from Ferguson, Kuby didn't say.

—Scott P. Richert

THE EDUCATION CARTEL in Texas, and the Texas Education Agency (TEA) in particular, have raised the bureaucratic art to new heights by congratulating themselves for failing to attain their mediocre objectives. Consider a

report, released by the Tax Research Association of Houston and Harris County and the Acres Home Chamber of Commerce, on the credibility of the Texas Assessment of Academic Skills (TAAS), which measures the achievement levels of public school students.

It is bad enough that the standards tested are minimal, that many non-achievers are excluded from the findings, that teachers are said to "teach the TAAS," and that some schools (the Austin public schools, for instance), alter the test scores. Now this research report tells us that the recent rise in TAAS scores is the result of the gradual lowering of the standards of the test over the past three years. Furthermore, the report reveals, the TAAS generally does not test whether a student meets even the minimum standards of attainment for his grade level. Instead, the reading, math, and algebra sections of the TAAS test *below* grade level.

The Texas Essential Knowledge and Skills (TEKS), an English and language arts test, was found deficient in defining the reading proficiency expected at each grade level. This same criticism was raised by conservatives on the Texas State Board of Education before the report was released. For their troubles, these conservatives have been reviled by the TEA and Governor George Bush, Jr.'s representatives.

A recent poll found, as always, that parents think the schools are doing a good job and that their children are getting a good education. This flies in the face of every comparison of U.S. schools with their counterparts in the member countries of the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development (OECD). It also ignores studies that show that standards of academic performance fall far below those of earlier days.

In a recent international academic competition, U.S. high school students finished dead last. But school bureaucrats continue to deceive parents and taxpayers alike into thinking that our schools are doing the best they can—and that they could do even better with more money. Even more disconcerting is the growing problem of educators faking student performance evaluations to protect their bureaucratic hides from a realistic assessment of their own performance.

At a recent meeting of Texas conservatives, Maurice P. McTigue, a former cabinet minister and member of New Zealand's parliament, described what

New Zealand did to remedy a similar situation in 1989. A special commission studied the New Zealand public school system and found that, despite cries for more funding, only 30 percent of current funding was going into the classroom. Concluding that the situation was beyond salvation, New Zealand scrapped the whole system and reconstructed the public schools on the basis of truly independent local control. Each school now has its own board of trustees, which sets the standards in the school's charter. State intervention is limited to requiring a core curriculum and to evaluating whether a school meets the standards of its charter. Parents have the right to use their share of public school funding at the school of their choice. In the past decade, the educational performance of New Zealand students has risen from 85 percent of the OECD average to more than 115 percent.

Texas—and the rest of the United States—needs a similarly radical alternative to its public education system. Half-hearted dabbling at reform will accomplish nothing. Minister McTigue emphasized that real reform must be comprehensive, radical, and surgical. Otherwise, the education bureaucracy will mount a counter-attack to retake any lost territory. Returning our schools to true local control is the real solution to poor public school performance.

That is very different from Governor Bush's very limited goal of ensuring that, five years from now, children will be able to read by the end of the third grade. Should we continue on our current path, the TEA's TAAS for third-grade reading by that time may do no more than test whether kids can tell the difference between a book and a brick.

—David Hartman

JOHN F. KENNEDY, C.S. Lewis: November 1998 mingled recollections of two vastly different men who died the same day of the same year. Pomp and poignance, on the day of the Kennedy funeral, left indelible memories of muffled drums, a young boy's salute to his father's casket, a riderless horse clopping through the streets.

Funeral rites the same week for Lewis were, in contrast, bare and stark. A mere handful in attendance, old friends chiefly; prayers tailored democratically for king or commoner—"in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal

life through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body . . ."; earth flung without flourish onto a simple casket.

History, since November 22, 1963, has worked its decisive, if leisurely, way with both men's reputations.

The deification of John F. Kennedy commenced at once and enjoyed a prosperous run. Even today, elderly courtiers like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., remain available for a spontaneous hymn of praise to those theoretically incomparable times, so suffused with idealism and hope. But 35 years later, the Kennedy myth could see a good coat of paint. Charming the president may have been; also profane, satiric, vindictive, reckless. We have been learning as much for about two decades. Judith Campbell Exner and Marilyn Monroe are names as integral to the Kennedy legend as Jackie. Indeed, hardly anyone who spent much time around the Kennedys looks really good today.

Among John Kennedy's gifts beyond the grave is the inspiration he apparently provided a gawking Arkansas teenager,

Billy Clinton, one day in the White House Rose Garden. The impressionable kid, squeezing his idol's hand, decided, gee-whiz, golly, he wanted to be just like him. In many ways, he has succeeded richly.

Circumstances are rather different with that fateful day's other famous victim, C.S. Lewis, who today is more honored and influential than when he was alive. November 1998 brought, in addition to the anniversary of Lewis's death, the centennial of his birth—a great, disjointed festival of adoration.

A Lewis expert, James Como, in a centennial appraisal (*Branches to Heaven: The Geniuses of C.S. Lewis*), ponders the gigantic display: "four Lewis anthologies, one encyclopedic; two indexes . . . two sequential annotated checklists to shelves full of secondary sources; one handbook, with another forthcoming . . . four major biographies. . . . Most of his titles are in print. . . . Societies, institutes, and foundations devoted to the study and perpetuation of his work now abound worldwide. He is frequently visited in cyberspace. . . . There are three major uni-

versity repositories of work by, or related to, him. Tours are conducted of Lewis sites, memorial statues and stones are being carved, a centenary office has been established, and a commemorative stamp has been issued."

And no one noticed for a while that he was gone? Not quite that. The Dallas shooting understandably overshadowed all else. It failed to conceal for long, however, the gigantic gap on the theological skyline left by Lewis's death.

Lewis, the English dialectician with his paradoxical love of fantasy and his genius for liquid, limpid prose, is not for everyone. I came to him, in fact, through the vehemence with which a liberal friend rejected him. How could one writer inspire such detestation? *Mere Christianity* showed me: In Lewis, mere—meaning simple, unadorned—Christianity had a champion as formidable in his way as the burnished armies that Europe once threw against the Saracens. More respectable, too: The crusaders plundered Constantinople and rarely did much that was useful for the Faith. Lewis's exertions were constant, and utterly, utterly the reverse of self-seeking. He wanted nothing for himself—literally nothing, including money. His late-life character was saintly, his good works quiet and meticulous.

Christianity lately looks to have fallen on hard times. Not as hard as they look, perhaps. Why would a totally lost world clutch to its bosom the likes of Lewis? It would not. Such a world would, among other things, drool over every Schlesingerian hymn to John Kennedy. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

—William Murchison

WILL FUTURE GENERATIONS READ *CHRONICLES*?

Perhaps a better question would be:

"Will Chronicles be there for future generations to read?"

If you believe that the answer should be "Yes," then help us secure the future of *Chronicles* by remembering us in your will. When you next review your will or living trust, ask your attorney to add a provision making a bequest to:

The Rockford Institute.

Your bequest can be either a fixed dollar amount or a percentage of your estate.

For more information, write or call:

**Christopher Check
Executive Vice President
The Rockford Institute
928 North Main Street
Rockford, Illinois 61103
(815) 964-5811**

EPICYCLES:

- **Standing Tall:** The Rockford school board continues to resist judicial taxation, refusing to submit to a federal magistrate's order to levy a controversial "tort fund" tax to finance the magistrate's elaborate desegregation plan. In two separate rulings in the past year, an Illinois state appeals court judge ruled that it was illegal to use the tort fund for desegregation. The majority of the members on the school board have declared that they are willing to go to jail rather than violate state law. For a tort fund tax to be levied, it must be voted on by December 31, 1998; as we go to press, the federal magistrate has not (yet) threatened the board

members with legal sanctions. Watch this space for further developments.

• **Family Values:** In recent years, home businesses have become an attractive option for mothers who wish to stay home with their children. Now comes news of a booming new home business aimed at single mothers: managing **pornographic websites**. According to a press release from Entertek Online, which claims it runs "the world's largest adult site," "more than 1,000 single moms around the country now have their own adult web sites." The press release quotes a single mother in San Diego as saying, "Show me another job where I can make \$1,300 a week with no overhead and where I get to stay home with my kids all day, and I'll do it." Another mother from Philadelphia claims, "I stay at home with my kids and make three times as much money as I would going to work. Why shouldn't I do this?" Why, indeed? Andy Alvarez, the 27-year-old founder of Entertek (which provides the content for the sites and then splits the profits with the single moms), declares adult website management "the home office business of the 90's and beyond." And the benefits are spiritual, as well as financial: After all, they are doing it for the children.

OBITER DICTA: The fourth paragraph in the December installment of Samuel Francis's *Principalities and Powers* should have been set as an indented quotation. It continues the quotation from Michael Teitelbaum that began in the preceding paragraph. We regret the error and offer our apologies to Dr. Teitelbaum.

The Luddite editors of *Chronicles* have been dragged, kicking and screaming, into cyberspace. The *Chronicles*/Rockford Institute website can be found at www.chroniclesmagazine.org. In addition to limited selections from the current issue, the website features an archive of previous issues, a calendar of events, late-breaking news about *Chronicles* and The Rockford Institute, subscription information, and an order form for back issues, Regnery Lectures tapes, and books by Institute authors.

Would you like to write a letter to the editor, but you can't afford a stamp? Letters for *Polemics & Exchanges* can now be submitted by e-mail at polemics@chroniclesmagazine.org. If

you would like a letter considered for publication, please include your name, address, and telephone number in your e-mail message.

The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies has released *Ustasa: Croatian Separatism and European Politics, 1929-1945* by Srdja Trifkovic, a corresponding editor for *Chronicles*. The book, which is based on Dr. Trifkovic's doctoral dissertation at the University of Southampton, is only available from the Lord Byron Foundation. Please see the advertisement on the back cover of this issue for more details.

Thomas Fleming has provided a translation, found on p. 12, of Giuseppe Ungaretti's poem *In Memoriam*. Ungaretti (1888-1970), an Italian writer and poet who was born in Alexandria, Egypt, is considered one of the major figures of 20th-century Italian letters.

Our second poet is **Alan Sullivan**. A novelist from North Dakota who turned to poetry a few years ago, Mr. Sullivan's work has appeared in many journals in the United States and the United Kingdom, including *Poetry*, the *Dark Horse*, and the *Spectator* of London.

Chronicles is illustrated this month by St. Petersburg native **Anatol Woolf**,

who, in addition to freelance work, has designed sets for theaters in Russia and provided illustrations for St. Petersburg Textbook Publishers. Since coming to America in 1987, Mr. Woolf has been a frequent contributing artist to *Chronicles*, as well as to the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, *Policy Review*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Legal Times*, and *Cricket*. Mr. Woolf works with a variety of materials, from watercolors to pencil to acrylic. Further samples of his work are available on his Web page: www.netcom.com/~a.woolf/.

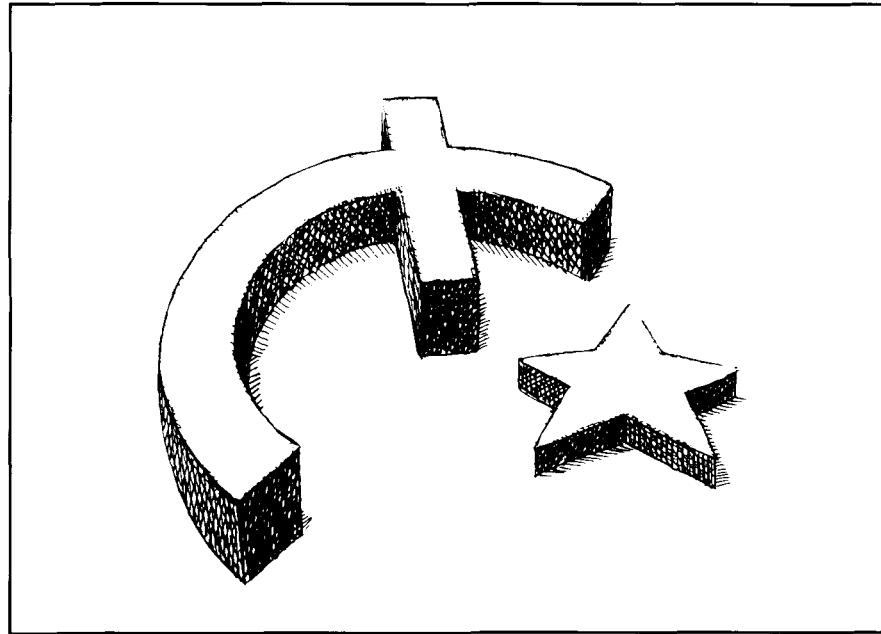
In **Maryland**, *Chronicles* can be found at Bibolet Timonium, Timonium Crossing Shopping Center, Timonium; Borders, 11301 Rockville Pike, Kensington; News Express, 810 Muddy Branch Road, Gaithersburg; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 4801 Bethesda Avenue, Bethesda; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 1 East Joppa Road, Towson; Borders, Towson Commons, Towson; Bibelot Woodholme, 1819 Reisterstown Road, Baltimore; and Barnes & Noble Superstore, 8101 Honeygo Boulevard, #5C, Baltimore. If your favorite bookstore isn't on the list, please ask the manager to carry *Chronicles*.



M.R.B. Shaw, translator, *Chronicles of the Crusades* (Dorset Press). The first-hand accounts of two French noblemen, Geoffrey de Villehardouin, who took part in the Fourth Crusade, and Jean de Joinville, who joined King Louis IX on the Seventh Crusade.

Bat Ye'or, *The Decline of Eastern Christianity Under Islam: From Jihad to Dhimmitude* (Fairleigh Dickinson University Press). This definitive history of the treatment of Christians and Jews under Islamic rule is essential reading for anyone trying to understand the resurgence of Islam today.

Steven Runciman, *A History of the Crusades* (Cambridge University Press). While remarkable for its historical accuracy, this three-volume work also treats all three parties to the Crusades—Eastern Christians, Western Christians, and Muslims—sympathetically.



Anatol Woolf

East Is East, and West Is Wuss

by Thomas Fleming

If a civilized man, as it is sometimes said, can hold two ideas in his mind at the same time, post-civilized man goes one step farther and sees nothing wrong with maintaining contradictory opinions on any subject that comes up: We say simultaneously that the Russians are animalistic drunkards with no aptitude for the free-market or self-government—but a quickie course in democratic capitalism will solve all their woes. The contradiction does not bother us. We are post-rational as well as post-civilized.

Most people—whether they are pre-civilized primitives, like the American masses, or post-civilized degenerates, like the American elite—are perfectly capable of taking a stand on the practical matters of everyday life. They know that something either tastes good to them or does not (if they are post-civilized, they will concede that the difference between *bistecca fiorentina* and a Chicago hot dog is just a matter of style and preference). In matters outside their immediate experience, however, they display an enormous capacity for tolerating contradiction.

The bifurcation of the post-civilized mind is especially obvious in foreign affairs. Within a matter of weeks, newspapermen can be demanding intervention on behalf of the Muslims in Chechnya, Bosnia, or Kosovo, and then without pausing to make a transition as artificial as a Jay Leno *segue*, they will condemn the violent terrorism of the “ragheads” in the Middle East. This is not a case of hypocrisy, which is the ability to distinguish between a general principle and its pragmatic application to one’s national and private interests. If it were, we should

be demanding justice for the “ragheads” pumping oil in the Middle East, and we should be driving the Bosnian Half-Turks out of Europe.

Throughout the modern era, Western attitudes toward the Islamic world have been confused and contradictory. Once upon a time, when Peter the Hermit was preaching the First Crusade, we thought we knew what we wanted. We wanted to expel the Muslims, who worshipped a devil named Mahound, from the Holy Land they had seized by fire and sword from the Eastern Roman Empire and from the Eastern Christian Church. It was us against them, and when some Christian authorities declared that no Christian had to keep faith with a devil-worshipper, the Crusaders obligingly violated oaths and treaties with what they hoped was impunity. Anyone who has read Christian chroniclers like William of Tyre and Villehardouin and compared their accounts with the Arab writers collected in Gabrieli’s wonderful volume, *Arab Historians of the Crusades*, will easily conclude that, in the good old days, the soldiers who took up the Cross of the Church Militant could match, stroke for stroke and massacre for massacre, the Turks, Arabs, and Kurds who fought for the Crescent.

During the brutal Third Crusade, however, a bright spot developed in the form of a myth surrounding the relations between two great leaders, the French Christian Richard of England and Saladin, the Kurdish Muslim. Both were tough men, each was the flower of his respective chivalry, and each—at least according to the legend elaborated upon by the poets and later by Walter Scott—learned to display a grudging respect for

his great antagonist. Saladin was, by all accounts, a brave and capable soldier, a great builder, and a generous and merciful ruler. Richard was, if not exactly merciful, the greatest knight and most heroic fighter of his age and a troubadour to boot. (The modern attempt to portray him as a homosexual moron only shows what happens when a civilization is in the control of its enemies.) Their meeting is probably only a legend, but Richard did strike up a friendship with Saladin's brother, whose son he knighted.

Saladin repeatedly expressed admiration for the piety of Christian pilgrims, and, a generation or so later, Joinville refers approvingly to Saladin's ecumenical observation that a bad Muslim could never make a good Christian. But even in the days of Richard and Saladin, the confusion had already set in. The lords of Outremer found it convenient to strike bargains with the devil's minions and allied themselves with Muslim rulers against both Constantinople and new sets of crusaders who upset the balance of power. Before too long, the Crusades turned into European man's first colonial adventure, and in the Fourth Crusade, the soldiers who besieged Zara and sacked Constantinople should have had some difficulty in maintaining the fiction of a religious enterprise.

In later years, when the Austrians and their allies (Polish, Hungarian, and Serbian) were defeating the last great Muslim push into Europe, their European rivals took advantage of the situation. His Christian Majesty Louis XIV of France allied himself with the Turks, a strategy followed later by the perfidious English, who supported the Turks against the Russians and did their best to restore the sultan's Christian subjects in the Balkans, once they had revolted, to the abject condition of *dhimmi*—serfs who could not own a horse or weapon, make a contract, or testify against a Muslim in court.

Part of the British strategy is simply their usual game of balancing the powers, but I sometimes wonder if there is not some horrifying attraction, especially for English boys brought up in a public school, to the brutal manliness that regards sodomitic rape as an expression of virility. In any event, a series of Anglo-Saxon males who have gone in search of their manhood found it in Islamic culture: Sir Richard Burton, T.E. Lawrence, and Pasha Glub are at the head of a large pack, whose rear is brought up by the academic camp-followers and foundation executives who find, in their defense of Islam, the excuse for their hatred of Jews.

Few Americans are troubled by our contradictory views of Islam. Like Will Rogers, we only know what we read in the papers. Most Americans, apparently, think journalists—at least in the ideal—are professional seekers of fact and truth. Such people have no doubt existed in the past, and they are sighted from time to time in various backwaters, much as Bachman's Warbler is glimpsed occasionally in the swamps of the Francis Marion National Forest.

Journalists like to think of themselves as practicing a profession, though few would have the brass to call it a learned profession. The word "professional," though, is a dead give-away. We speak of professional gamblers, professional wrestlers, professional hit-men; and when we want to be polite toward prostitutes, we call them practitioners of the world's oldest profession. Professionals, in other words, are mercenaries who receive money for a job, even a disagreeable job. The exemplary professionals in the United States today are attorneys, who are paid to represent a particular case and a particular set of clients, to

make, as Socrates was accused of doing, the worse appear the better cause, and it is no insult to compare journalism with the practice of law.

Professional ethics (to say nothing of the laws) frown upon lawyers and journalists who make up facts, but there is no necessity (as Mr. Clinton's lawyers have told us repeatedly) to tell all the truth, and there is nothing wrong in repeating someone else's lie. That is the rule in public relations, and it is the rule in journalism, especially for columnists and editorial writers.

Journalists will tell you that even their less scrupulous colleagues are aiming at an ideal of objectivity, which, because of their frailties, they cannot reach. They would like us to believe that they really want to get at the truth of the peace talks between Israel and the Palestinians or to dig up the straight story on Saddam Hussein or the conflict in Kosovo. Their words tell a different story. Why is it that every report on Iraq contains the phrase "weapons of mass destruction," and every analysis of Kosovo includes the figure "90 percent Albanian"? Surely, at least one network is aware that Saddam's stock of biological and chemical weapons is nothing in comparison with that of his principal supplier, the United States, whose government has not only employed such chemical weapons as Agent Orange and napalm and dropped nuclear bombs on civilians, but has also experimented on its own people with various toxins. And I know that there are one or two men at the *New York Times* who realize the demographic facts in Kosovo, which is more like 80 percent Albanian, 12 percent Serbian and Montenegrin, with the balance made up of Bosnian Muslims, Gypsies, and Turks.

The systematic misreporting in Iraq and the Balkans serves a number of interests: the State Department's petro-political agenda, Israel's understandable desire to eliminate a dangerous enemy, and the regime's general hostility to religious commitment—routinely stigmatized as "fundamentalism"—whether it is Islam in the Middle East or Christianity in Europe and the United States. Militant Islam is a bad thing in the Middle East, where it gets in the way of our plans for the region, but in Europe, it is a good thing because it will forever destroy the Christian identity of European nations.

I do not blame the journalists for writing from a point of view. The claim of impartiality, made by journalists and historians, should never have been taken seriously: It is, on the face of it, an impossible goal, and if it could be reached, it would only mean that the writer had become an inhuman monster who had turned his back on every person, place, and creed that had a claim on his loyalty.

Setting aside the extreme cases—such as the demand that only African-Americans can teach black history and only women pursue women's studies—the attempt to construct objective history has been an abysmal failure. When historians still had pedagogic and patriotic ends in view, writers as diverse as Thucydides and Livy, Hume and Macaulay actually shaped the moral and political imaginations of ordinary people. An historian is not necessarily dishonest because he confesses to having a point of view; and a modern historian who relies on facts and figures is not necessarily honest because he is reticent about his prejudices. Even at the beginning of Western history and epic literature, Homer is clearly on the side of the Greeks in the *Iliad*, and yet he is more than fair to the Trojans, to the point that many readers have regarded Hector as the real hero of the work.

If human experience were a glacier, slowly accreting facts, pebbles, and statistical debris in its course, some case might be

made for writing impartial history, but most of what we call history is a conflict of wills, between leaders and nations. Who could write an impartial account of the Crusades? Not a faithful Catholic or Muslim, and certainly not an atheist who is "neutral" on the religious claims of the two parties: He, in fact, has the biggest ax to grind. I prefer Hilaire Belloc or the Whig historians who never concealed their prejudices or their agenda.

In Memoriam

From Giuseppe Ungaretti
translated by Thomas Fleming

His name,
Mohammed Sheab

Descendant
of nomad emirs
suicide
because he no longer had
a country

He loved France
and changed his name

Became Marcel
but was not French
and no longer knew
how to live
in the tents of his people
where they sip coffee
and listen to the plainsong
of the Koran

And he did not know
how to raise the strain
of his desolation.

I accompanied him
along with the landlady from the hotel
where we lived
in Paris
at number 5 rue des Carmes
decaying backstreet
on the way down

He rests in the cemetery of Ivry
a suburb that always has the look
of a fair
the day it is breaking up

And I may be the only one
who still knows
that he was ever alive.

Once upon a time, newspapers displayed a similar candor, identifying themselves as Democratic or Republican, frankly acknowledging the prejudices that their readers would be able to discount. Today, when the overwhelming majority of journalists vote for liberal and Democratic candidates, they persist in the fiction that there is no liberal bias in the media. The smaller number of conservatives insist on the parallel fiction, that conservatives are only interested in an objective evaluation of the facts. When Michael Kinsley was still at the *New Republic*, he dismissed the whole idea of liberal bias, saying: "Since most journalists I know are reasonable, intelligent people, the mystery to me is not why journalists tend to be liberals but why so many other reasonable, intelligent people are not." In other words, a difference of opinion, among otherwise intelligent people, is a mystery requiring explanation.

G.K. Chesterton anticipated Kinsley when he described the "new bigot" as the man who says, "I will not argue with you, because I know you agree with me." In *Heretics*, Chesterton distinguished between the fanaticism of true believers and genuine bigotry, which he defined as "the anger of men who have no opinions." Impartiality, he once said, "means at best indifference to everything."

Individuals have their own points of view, but so do groups and traditions. The history of the past 500 years will be told in quite different language and emphasis if the teller is, say, an Icelander, an Orthodox Serb, or an African-American. Of course such a history would be very partial—like the history of Europe from the Polish perspective written by Norman Davis?—but it would open up entire vistas that had been veiled. Frequently, it is only by adopting a point of view (if only temporarily) that a scholar or journalist can catch a glimpse of the truth that eludes all those whom impartiality has made blind. The experience of religious faith, for example, educates the believer who lives with its scriptures and ceremonies and comes to understand the religion as no objective outsider can.

Matters of faith lie beyond reason and scholarship, and the only objectivity possible is that of the non-believer who cannot be objective at all because he rejects the phenomena under consideration. Hundreds of books have been written by atheist scientists challenging the possibility of the miracles attributed to Christ—as if a miracle were not by definition something that takes place outside the course of the laws of nature. This does not mean that the scholar or journalist cannot aim at the truth—and not only in matters of fact. But for a Western Christian to discover something of the truth about the Crusades, he must be willing to enter into the mind of the other sides—the Orthodox Byzantines and the Muslim Arabs, Saracens, and Turks. He must be willing, in his imagination at least, to dwell in the tents of the infidels, to sing their songs and hear their poems, to find out the story they tell of themselves.

Like a fair-minded traveler who goes native, for a time, in foreign lands and comes back with an appreciation for the strange things he has witnessed and experienced, the historian or journalist can temporarily suspend his judgment on the aliens and enemies to whom he owes a fair and honest accounting. He must play Homer to Hector, Walter Scott to Saladin.

This was the approach used by Rebecca West in her book, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, which depicts the three parties in Bosnia—the Serbs, the Croats, and the Muslims—on the eve of the Yugoslav bloodbath of World War II. Fifty years later, journalists who donned the mantle of impartiality expressed

their opinions on the Bosnian civil war in terms that echoed the official statements issued by the U.S. State Department. Objectivity and impartiality, so it seems, have come to mean that a reporter is on the side of the angels who could never give an even break to the other side without spotting their snow-white robes.

Although Sir Thomas More said he would give the devil himself the benefit of law, journalists like Walter Lippmann, Herbert Agar, Walter Winchell, and Drew Pearson, reporting on World War II before Pearl Harbor, saw nothing wrong in cooking their stories according to recipes handed to them by British intelligence, and their successors in the 1990's have been even more "even-handed"—or rather, one-handed—in reporting on events in the Gulf War, the Balkans, and the former Soviet Union.

Some Americans (and, I suspect, most of our readers) know better than to believe professional journalists or State Department spokespersons, but how are they to respond to the Islamic world? There are two challenges: The first is to refuse to give in to the temptation, so artfully manipulated by the professionals, to demonize all Muslims and all Arabs, especially those who are living in Islamic countries. The "terrorists" who attacked the U.S. Marine barracks in Lebanon and the members of Hamas who are killing Israeli policemen and settlers are not cowards: They are brave and sometimes honorable men who are willing to lay down their lives for their people. Even if we end up having to kill every one of them, let us treat them as brave men and worthy adversaries and leave the "camel jockey" and "Gaddamn Insane" stereotypes to late-night talk radio.

The second, which is not quite the opposite of the first, is to keep up a stout heart for the coming confrontation between insurgent Islam and decadent Christendom. As Chesterton understood at the beginning of this century, Islam is our enemy, not only in a geopolitical sense, but metaphysically: The Islamic rage against the Incarnation manifests itself in opposition to art that represents the human person and in condemnation of the wine that our Lord used both to signify the joys of life, in the wedding at Cana, and, in the communion that He instituted, the sacrifice of His Blood.

My fear is that Christendom has entirely lost its nerve. East may still be East, but West is no longer West. So far from resisting the Muslim invasion of Europe, we may ourselves be succumbing to an Islamic temptation in the mistaken belief that, while Muslims are free to be men, we Christians are condemned to be something like Ralph Reed. In *The Flying Inn*, Chesterton depicts a decadent England falling under the spell of a teetotaling and Nietzschean version of Islam. (Think of Armin Mueller-Stahl or Tomislav Sunic in a turban.) The enemies of life are defeated only by a drunken, half-mad Irishman, who moves an inn-sign from place to place and defies the dechristianization of his country. But where, in these sober and progressive times, are we going to find a drunken Irishman who keeps the Faith?

We know that our governments will do nothing to resist the Islamicization of the West; we also know that the only political leaders who have breathed a word of defiance are Jean-Marie Le Pen in France and Umberto Bossi in Italy—leaders at the opposite ends of the spectrum—who have both been demonized for wanting to preserve their nations. If we do find the courage to resist, let us be at least as civilized as Richard Lionheart, and if we cannot match his courage, let us surpass him in humanity.

DICTATIONS

"Take short views . . . and trust in God"

"At the end of the day," declared the minister—or bleated the commentator or droned the expert. . . . But why continue? Phrases like *at the end of the day* are useful signposts, saying: IGNORE THE FOLLOWING COMMUNICATION.

Other such warning signs include: "the bottom line" and its Italian equivalent *in fin dei conti*, "it is generally agreed," and "no one would defend the practice." When I used to attend conferences, the joke went around that my *nom de guerre* (like that of Odysseus) was Nobody, because whenever some little professor declared, "Nobody today would defend the Roman father's right to kill his children" or "Nobody now would oppose women's suffrage," that was my cue for doing just that. These expressions are the tell-tale indications, the unconscious tics of people who not only haven't thought through a subject but positively refuse to think about anything. It was the Republicans' answer to Jesse Ventura, when he said that red light districts were an idea to consider: Some ideas cannot be considered. Period. What they really meant was that no ideas are ever to be considered.

"At the end of the day" is even more pernicious than most of its rival expressions, because it implies that after considering all the aesthetic nuances and moral textures of a question, all that really matters are the practical consequences in the long run. "In the long run," quipped John Maynard Keynes, "we're all dead." Keynes was only joking, sort of, but "at the end of the day" puts the kibosh on any consideration that goes beyond the bottom line. It rules out argument, eliminates controversy, and kills any original idea because, for all intents and purposes, the real fact of the matter is that all you have to do is run it up the flagpole and see who salutes it.

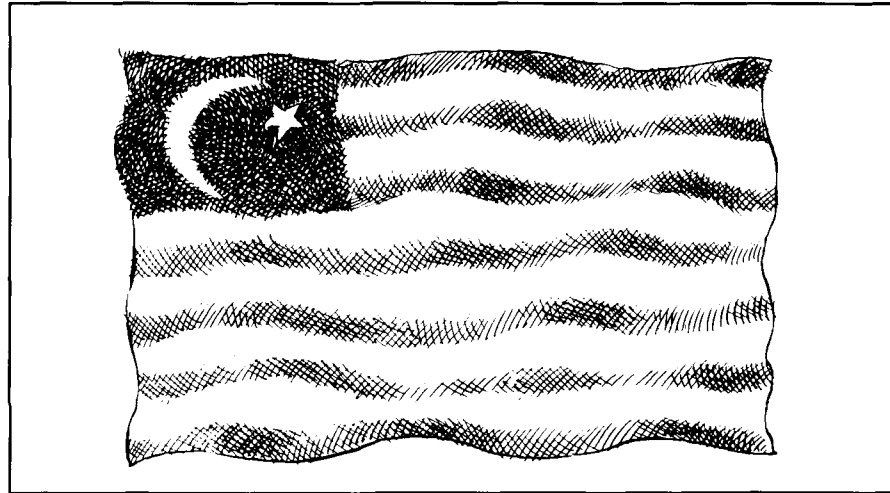
People cannot live without clichés, and this sort of conversational shorthand can be useful: It functions as the oral equivalent of punctuation marks and paragraph breaks, meaningless in itself, but assisting the flow of communication between human beings who have not really mastered their native tongue. Middle American businessmen would be lost without their stock of wise adages, such as "Beats a poke in the eye with a sharp stick" and "What can I do you for?" The first few hundred times, they may even evoke a smile, and eventually they become inaudible.

The conversation-stopping formulas are different. They are designed to stifle dissent, and it is no accident that "at the end of the day" is the signature tune of spineless English bureaucrats. The phrase has taken on a new life in Mr. Clinton's America, and if one can judge from the current state of political discourse, the silencers are very effective.

—Humpty Dumpty

Insurgent Islam and American Collaboration

by James George Jatras



The cultural schism between the Western and Eastern halves of European Christian civilization—marked principally by their respective religious traditions, Roman Catholic and Protestant in the West and Orthodox in the East, may or may not prove fatal. One issue stands above all others in determining the outcome: the Islamic resurgence that has rapidly come to mark the post-Cold War era. For the East, which borders on the Muslim world, the problem continues to be, as it has been since Islam first appeared in the seventh century, primarily one of direct, violent confrontation, which today stretches from the Balkans to the Caucasus, and throughout Central Asia. For the West, on the other hand, the problem today is primarily internal, a result of ideological confusion (which in many instances leads to active collaboration), coupled with demographic infiltration.

Last year, the county board of Loudoun County, Virginia, just a few miles down the road from the federal capital, granted a zoning variance, over vigorous local opposition, to facilitate the construction of a new Islamic academy. The institution is one of a number being constructed nationwide, and it will cover some 100 acres, include elementary, middle, and high schools, feature an 800-bed dormitory, and grace the rolling hills of the Virginia horse country with a 65-foot mosque dome and an 85-foot minaret.

County residents opposed the academy on a variety of grounds, notably the loss of tax revenue on land that was otherwise zoned for business uses and the security threat posed by the school, either from Muslims who would be attracted to the county or from the possibility that anti-Saudi Islamic groups might see the academy as a tempting target. But the critics' central issue—and the one that highlights Western incompre-

hension of the phenomenon in question—was the character of the Saudi regime, which, according to the school's bylaws, exercises total control, to the extent that the school is part of the structure of the Saudi Ministry of Education: an establishment of a foreign sovereign on American soil. Indeed, the Saudi ambassador is *ex officio* chairman.

Predictably, as soon as Saudi Arabia and Islam became the issues, progressive opinion responded that rejection of the school would be intolerance of "diversity." One county resident displayed a crescent and star in the window of her home to show symbolically that "Islam is welcome here." The ever-vigilant *Washington Post* weighed in with an editorial blasting opposition to the school as "religious intolerance" and "the worst kind of bigotry" on the part of retrograde denizens of the Old Dominion. "Ugly statements that have been made in public meetings on the issue have run the range of mean-spiritedness," sniffed the *Post*, "with some residents asserting that the school should be rejected because 'the Saudis execute their own people who convert from Islam.'"

In point of correction to the *Post's* sarcastic quotation marks, the 1997 U.S. Department of State Report on Human Rights Practices states the following about Saudi Arabia:

Freedom of religion does not exist. Islam is the official religion and all [Saudi] citizens must be Muslims. . . . Conversion by a Muslim to another religion is considered apostasy. Public apostasy is considered a crime under *Shari'a* law and punishable by death.

So which is more "ugly" and "mean-spirited"—the fact that the Saudis do indeed behead those who abandon Islam or that Loudoun citizens have been tactless enough to take note of that fact? One witness before the county board testified that her daughters, who are U.S. citizens, have been prevented from leaving Saudi Arabia for over 13 years because, as women, they

James George Jatras is a policy analyst at the United States Senate. The views expressed here are his own and do not represent any Senate member or office.

may not travel, even though the elder one is now an adult, without their Saudi father's permission. The girls have been forcibly converted to Islam and can only look forward to their eventual marriage, for which their consent is at best a formality.

Fawning by Loudoun County authorities extended even to a blatant disregard of the county's own laws. A Loudoun ordinance defines a private institution as one that is neither funded nor controlled by any government: On both counts, the Loudoun Islamic academy fails. Yet the county board rejected testimony by a former board member—the author of the relevant ordinance—that the academy was not a private institution. No matter. Today, neither Loudoun County, nor the Commonwealth of Virginia, nor the United States would be able to create and run an educational institution based on any religious doctrine. But a foreign government—a government that is every bit as bigoted, intolerant, and ugly as the *Post* wrongly accused the school's critics of being—may do so.

Especially illuminating in the Loudoun controversy was the position of local Christian social conservatives, who stayed neutral or even supported the academy. In the dimmer recesses of the American Christian mind, the only concern was what precedent denying the variance might set for private Christian schools, or the availability of public vouchers. The importation of *Shari'a* into a once-Christian commonwealth seemingly registered not at all in evangelical minds blissfully unaware of Islamic aims. But as Bat Ye'or wrote in *The Decline of Eastern Christianity Under Islam*,

The Islamist movement makes no secret of its intentions to convert the West. Its propaganda, published in booklets sold in all European Islamic centers for the last thirty years, sets out its aim and the methods to achieve them. They include proselytism, conversion, marriage with local women, and, *above all, immigration* [emphasis added]. Remembering that Muslims always began as a minority in the conquered countries ("liberated," in Islamic terminology) before becoming a majority, the ideologists of this movement regard Islamic settlement in Europe, the United States, and elsewhere as a chance for Islam.

The element of willful blindness in Western perspectives on Islam cannot be overestimated. So deeply embedded is the notion that all religions are fundamentally the same that evidence to the contrary is simply wished out of existence. When the Ayatollah Khomeini states that

Muslims have no alternative . . . to armed holy war against profane governments, . . . the conquest of all non-Muslim territories. . . . It will be the duty of every able-bodied adult male to volunteer for this war of conquest, the final aim of which is to put Koranic law in power from one end of the earth to the other . . .

such utterances are as little heeded as were similar statements by Lenin during the Cold War. After all, Khomeini is a known "fundamentalist." Surely, his statements cannot be held against the moderates, the "mainstream," who represent "real Islam," whose beliefs and values are not so different from ours—can they? The contention that Khomeini and his ilk are in fact Islam's historical "mainstream" not only is dismissed but

is considered evidence of a dangerous "Christian fundamentalism," which is every bit as bad as the Muslim variety, probably worse. The growing number of Muslims in America (Islam, according to some claims, has already overtaken Judaism as the nation's largest non-Christian religion) and the irrefutable presumption of Muslim peaceableness have set the stage for Islam to become both a social and political force. Under the Clinton administration, Islam has made major strides to join denatured, humanized Protestantism, Catholicism, and Judaism in their semi-established status as kindred denominations of a single American civic creed, symbolized by Hillary Rodham Clinton's sponsorship last year of the *Eid al-Fitr* end-of-Ramadan celebration at the White House.

Likewise, the idea that Islam shares an Abrahamic pedigree with Christianity and Judaism, that we are all, in the Islamic phrase, "peoples of the book," is now almost universally accepted. But suppose that, during the early Christian era, a pagan philosopher from Athens had claimed to have received a vision from a divine messenger to the effect that Zeus/Jupiter, the Greco-Roman "father god," was the one and only God—in fact, was the same God the Father worshipped by the Christians; that the Christians had corrupted their Scriptures to hide the fact that Jupiter had been worshipped by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus; that only the self-proclaimed prophet's recitation of his own vision was authoritative; that the rites and sacred places of the Olympian gods (the Eleusinian Mysteries, the Delphic Oracle) had always pertained to Jupiter alone and indeed had been established by earlier Abrahamic prophets; and that those who had surrendered their will to Jupiter were commanded to wage holy war under his thunderbolt symbol on "infidels" who resisted the divine will. Is there any doubt that Christians then would have rejected the supposed kinship of the new teaching to their own faith as quickly as today's Christians rush to accommodate Islam?

There is little doubt that Islam's god is the former chief deity of the polytheistic Arab pantheon, stripped of his consorts and offspring—a variation on the moon god common throughout the ancient Middle East, among the Babylonians known as Sin (the Sinai peninsula is probably named after him) and among the Sumerians as Nanna. Among the pagan Arabs, he was usually called simply "the god," *al-ilah*: Allah. The moon god Allah, whose crescent symbol today caps mosques the world over, headed a pantheon of over 300 lesser divinities, including three daughters called Lat, Uzza, and Manat. In fact, the controversy over *The Satanic Verses* by Salman Rushdie centers upon an embarrassing (and historically documented) episode during Muhammad's evolving "revelation" (after his death collected as his Koran—*Qur'an*, "recitation") in which he admitted the possibility of retaining the three daughter-goddesses under his new dispensation. He later rescinded this idea as having been of false—"satanic"—inspiration. Muhammad (the son of Abdallah, "slave of Allah," a further attestation of the deity's pre-Islamic origin) was of the Quraysh tribe, the custodians of the Meccan shrine to the pantheon known as the *Ka'bah* ("cube"), which houses a black stone (probably a meteorite) that Muslim pilgrims continue to venerate. Pilgrims also perform other pre-Islamic pagan rites such as stoning the devil at Wadi Mina and partaking of the waters of the Zamzam well.

In short, Islam is a self-evident outgrowth not of the Old and New Covenants but of the darkness of heathen Araby. Despite ludicrous historical suggestions to the contrary (such as the idea that the *Ka'bah* was built by Abraham), Muslim apologists have

strained to find evidence in the Bible that a new prophet would arise *after* Jesus, seeing Muhammad in obvious prophecies of the Holy Spirit (that were fulfilled on Pentecost) or of the Second Coming of Christ. One could find no better refutation of Islam's efforts to appropriate Christian Scripture (here, Matthew 24:27) than that of the 14th-century Byzantine saint, Gregory Palamas, to his Turkish captors:

It is true that Muhammad started from the east and came to the west, as the sun travels from east to west. Nevertheless he came with war, knives, pillaging, forced enslavement, murders, and acts that are not from the good God but instigated by the chief manslayer, the devil.

St. Gregory's answer is no less devastating to Islam's self-depiction as a pacific creed. Islam was born in violence, from Muhammad's sanction of raids of pillage and plunder (starting with attacks against his own Quraysh tribe, which initially rejected his revelation) to his savage execution of hundreds of men of the Qurayzah clan (which professed Judaism) and the enslavement and forced concubinage of their women and children. From its inception, first within Arabia and then against all unbelievers, Islam has been unthinkable without its mandate for violence, war, terror—in a word, *jihad*—itself codified in Muhammad's Koran (notably Sura 9:29). Today, Islamic apologists in America have been quick to latch on to the vocabulary of grievance, denouncing the association of Islam with its violent past (and present) as “stereotyping,” “bigotry,” and “ignorance.” Even American elementary school texts have been rewritten to suggest that once-Christian Egypt, Syria, and Palestine became Muslim because their conquerors were “invited” in; Muslims are quick to remind Christians of the Crusaders' later “aggression,” but they do not consider as aggression their own unprovoked seizure of the Christian Middle East.

In the application of *jihad*, as documented by Bat Ye'or and others, Islam divides the world into two domains, or “houses”: the House of Islam (*Dar al-Islam*), where Islam rules and *Shari'a*, the law of Allah, has been realized; and the House of War (*Dar al-Harb*), where the rebellious unbelievers persist in their (or rather, our) lawlessness. In Islamic terms, we subdued Christians are *harbi*, and as such we have no legitimate right to our lands, our property, or even our lives, which by right belong not to us but to the Muslims; that which we now have we enjoy only until Islam becomes strong enough to impose *Shari'a*. As the highly respected and influential 14th-century authority Ibn Taymiyya explained:

These possessions [i.e., the things taken away from the non-Muslims upon their conquest] received the name of *fay* [war booty] since Allah had taken them away from the infidels in order to restore them to the Muslims. In principle, Allah has created the things of this world only in order that they may contribute to serving Him, since He created man only in order to be ministered to. Consequently, the infidels forfeit their persons and their belongings which they do not use in Allah's service to the faithful believers who serve Allah and unto whom Allah restitutes what is theirs; thus is restored to a man the inheritance of which he was deprived, even if he had never before gained possession.

It is worthy of note that Ibn Taymiyya is particularly revered by the Wahabi sect, which is the ruling doctrine of Saudi Arabia; students at the Saudi-controlled Loudoun Islamic Academy will no doubt receive benefit of his wisdom. But Ibn Taymiyya's sentiments are not unique to him. On the contrary, Bat Ye'or quotes comparable passages from Islamic sages of many eras and locales, from the time of Muhammad to the present day.

Surveying the long history of the Islamic assault on the Christian world, it is sobering to consider how close the latter has come to annihilation on more than one occasion. In the initial offensive during the first decade after Muhammad's demise, Christendom lost its birthplace in the Levant, with the front of the East Roman Empire only being stabilized at the approaches to Asia Minor. Meanwhile, the Arab armies swept west from conquered Egypt, subduing the whole north coast of Africa and crossing into Visigothic Spain in 711. They were finally stopped by the Franks under Karl the Hammer at Poitiers in 732, the centenary of Muhammad's death. The conversion of the Turkish tribes to Islam in the ninth century lent *jihad* renewed impetus; the erosion and final collapse of East Roman power opened the eastern door to Europe in the 14th century, and the Ottomans were turned back only at the gates of Vienna in 1683. The site of the first high-water mark at Poitiers and the later one at Vienna are only some 700 miles apart—so narrow has been Christendom's brush with extinction!

The Turkish defeat at Vienna marked the beginning of two centuries of remission during which European technology, particularly military technology, seemed to have resolved the contest between the Cross and the Crescent decisively in favor of the former. During the 19th century, the Christian nations of the Balkans—the only conquered Christian lands since the Spanish *reconquista* in which the Muslims had not yet reduced the indigenous population to a minority, as they had in Egypt and Syria, or eliminated them utterly, as in the Maghreb—cast off their Muslim masters, and by the end of World War I, most of the Muslim world (with the exceptions of the Arabian heartland itself and of a truncated Turkey which had adopted the modernizing, secular ideology of Kemalism) was subject to European rule. But at the very time that Europe achieved its military and geopolitical advantage, the moral and religious decline that culminated in the autogenocides of 1914 and 1939 had become evident. Having found in their grasp places their Crusader predecessors had only dreamed of reclaiming—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Antioch, Alexandria, Constantinople—effete and demoralized European governments made no effort to re-Christianize them and, within a few decades, meekly abandoned them.

The moral disarmament of contemporary post-Christian Europe is now nearly universal. If, in the more remote past, Bourbon France had made common cause with the Sublime Porte (the scandalous “union of the Lily and the Crescent”) against Habsburg Austria, the arrangement at least had the virtue of cynical self-interest: Catholic France was hardly expected to praise the sultan's benevolence as part of the bargain. But by the 1870's, Disraeli's obsession with thwarting Russian ambitions in the Balkans prompted the Tories' unprecedented depiction of Turkey as tolerant and humane even in the face of the Bulgarian atrocities. Even so, Britain's Christian conscience, prodded by Gladstone's passionate words, was sufficient to bring down Lord Beaconsfield's government in 1880.

After World War I, with the installation of nominally “pro-

Western” governments in many Muslim countries fashioned from the wreckage of the Ottoman Empire, the West seems to have convinced itself of the existence of benign Islam. Indeed, the promotion of “moderate” Muslim regimes—especially those willing to make peace with Israel, and, even better, those that have a lot of petroleum—has become a linchpin of U.S. global policy. Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Turkey, Pakistan, Morocco, the Gulf states, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Nigeria, Indonesia, and a few others have become the darlings of U.S. policy, valued as supposed bulwarks against “fundamentalism” of the Iranian variety (Iran itself having lately been a member of the favored assembly). Operationally, this means not only overlooking the radical activities of the supposedly “moderate” Muslim states—for example, Saudi Arabia’s and Pakistan’s support for the Taliban regime in Afghanistan (whom even the Iranians denounce as dangerous fanatics), and assistance by virtually all Islamic nations to the thinly disguised radical regime in Sarajevo—but also a consistent American bias in favor of the Muslim party in virtually every conflict with a Christian nation. The most prominent exception to date has been a pro-Armenian tilt in the Nagorno-Karabakh question, a function of Armenian-Americans’ early cultivation of Congress, but this anomaly will undoubtedly soon shift to Azerbaijan’s favor under the combined pressure of the Turkey/Israel lobby, of residual Cold War antipathy for Russia (seen as Armenia’s main protector), and of American oil companies fixated on an energy El Dorado in the Caspian Basin.

It is hardly a surprise that business executives who would sell their grandmothers to Abdul Abulbul Amir for oil drilling rights would see the world as a reflection of their balance sheets, nor is it a surprise that secular, socially progressive opinion is viscerally anti-Christian. What is not expected is that so many Western Christians, Americans in particular, are willing to believe the worst about their Eastern Christian cousins, who, only lately freed from Islamic (and later, in most cases, communist) servitude, are desperately attempting to avoid a repeat of the experience. Today, when all of the Russian North Caucasus is subject to plunder and hostage-taking raids staged from *Shari’a*-ruled Chechnya, when not just Nagorno-Karabakh but Armenia proper is in danger of a repeat of 1915, when Cyprus and Greece receive unvarnished threats to their territorial integrity on a weekly basis for the offense of purchasing defensive weapons, and when the borders of Serbia are rapidly approaching those of the *pashaluk* of Belgrade in order to appease America’s new friends in Bosnia and Kosovo, organized Roman Catholic and Protestant sentiment in America overwhelmingly sides with non- and anti-Christian elite opinion in its pro-Muslim, anti-Orthodox tendency.

For example, in 1993, statements were issued by a number of Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Anglican spokesmen in the United States urging military intervention on behalf of the Islamic regime in Sarajevo. “We are convinced that there is just cause to use force to defend largely helpless people in Bosnia against aggression and barbarism that are destroying the very foundations of society and threaten large numbers of people,” wrote the chairman of the U.S. Catholic Conference, at a time when the Muslim beneficiaries of the intervention were not only impaling Serb POWs on spits but also were slaughtering Roman Catholic Croats by the hundreds in an offensive in central Bosnia. “What is going on in Bosnia is genocide by any other name,” observed a prominent Baptist spokesman. “The ghosts

of Auschwitz and Dachau have come back to haunt us. If we do nothing we are morally culpable.” “Those of us who opposed the Gulf War believed that war was not the answer,” opined the presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church, “but today we find ourselves confronted with an evil war, the sure elimination of which may be possible only by means of armed intervention.” Thus did the high-minded guardians of the West’s Christian integrity give their blessing for NATO to aid the resumption of *jihad* in Europe. Granted, they were to some extent victims of the melodramatic media coverage that has characterized the Balkan war, but that is not much of an excuse: Who told them to believe everything dished up by CNN?

In a previous article in *Chronicles*, I have noted that Western anti-Orthodox bias, which I have dubbed Pravoslavophobia, rarely means antipathy for Orthodoxy as such. Most serious Protestants and Roman Catholics often have a fairly positive attitude toward Orthodox Christianity as a morally conservative and liturgically traditional bulwark within the spectrum of Christian opinion. Perhaps it has been so long since Western Christians have had to defend themselves physically as *Christians* (as opposed to Americans, Englishmen, Germans, etc.) that they just do not understand those for whom it is a current concern.

On the other hand, there are Westerners for whom antipathy is based on the traditional Orthodox character of the front-line states bordering on Islam. Indeed, from this viewpoint, the desire of these countries to avoid not only islamization but Westernization as well is a major count against them. Though differing in the specifics, the overall attitude toward Orthodox nations today is strongly reminiscent of that of the West toward the East as the dying Byzantine, Bulgarian, and Serbian states faced Ottoman conquest in the 15th century. The West then was explicit: We will help you only if you renounce Orthodoxy and adopt Roman Catholicism. The Orthodox East is being told today that unless they unquestioningly submit to the West’s tutelage in political, social, moral, and economic matters—the collective “religion” of the Enlightenment heritage—they again will be thrown to the wolves. In fact, the West will even help the wolves to devour them.

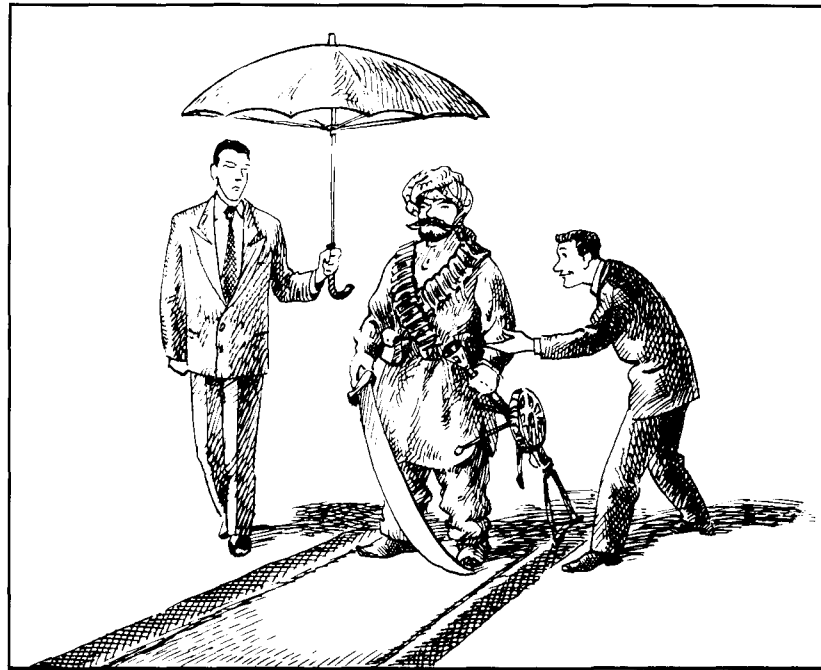
The immorality, not to mention the stupidity, of this should be obvious. Maybe Christians will never come to agreement on doctrinal matters; maybe the East will insist on retaining its distinctive religious and cultural heritage. Whatever happens, the survival of Orthodox Christian civilization in the East should be hardly less important to the West than to the Orthodox themselves, and indeed over the long term, the West’s own fate may depend on it. The fact that the West cannot recognize this reality is evident in the forest of minarets going up mainly in Western Europe but also now in North America.

Some Christians see the Muslim influx primarily as an opportunity for evangelization, and indeed we should never neglect to share the Gospel, the only *real* liberation, with Muslims, who should not, as individuals, be held responsible for the violent system into which they were born and of which they are—perhaps more than anyone else—victims. At the same time, in light of the growing volume of Muslim immigration, Western Christians will soon find out—maybe sooner than they think, given Western birthrates—that confronting the Islamic advance has become, as it has always been for Eastern Christians, a simple matter of physical survival. But by that time, it may be too late for the West as well.

◀

A Quiet, Little Jihad?

by Harold O. J. Brown



In late summer last year, two United States embassies in East Africa were the target of murderous bomb attacks by Islamic terrorist groups. After ordering two retaliatory missile attacks on installations presumed to be connected with militant Islamic extremism, President Clinton hastened to assure the American people that he has nothing against Islam, which he called “a religion of peace.” In November, Islamic militants reacted violently to the progress of peace talks between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization with a series of terrorist attacks on Israelis, apparently with the intention of provoking a severe reaction by Israel. Again, we were assured that, contrary to the widespread impression, Islam is a peace-loving religion.

Now, it is true that Islam has many variants, although not so many as Christianity, and it would be false to say that the *jihad* is a fundamental element in the Muslim faith, or at least a universally fundamental one. Christianity has had its Crusades and crusaders, and at one point, all of Western Christendom seemed to be focused on crusading in the East, but a simple glance at world history shows that the expansion of Islam is far more directly due to military action than is the spread of Christianity.

Generic Christians and other gentiles of our day do not hold any faith passionately enough to fight for it and find it hard to believe that adherents of another religion could actually do so in this modern age. We call our own age “post-Christian” with a certain contented smugness and proclaim it with strident voices: to borrow an expression from Père R.-L. Bruckberger,

“like eunuchs proud of being castrated.” Most Christians would not think of fighting for the cause of the Christ that they are supposed to revere; they are comforted by St. Paul’s statement, “God has called us to peace” (1 Corinthians 7:15), although the context refers not to religious war, but to religious differences within a marriage.

Whenever Christians actually do take up arms in a religious context against Muslims, they are denounced in no uncertain terms by much of the Western political and media establishments. During the Lebanese civil war, it was “right-wing Christian militias” against the Muslims. In most Western reports on the former Yugoslavia, it is the Eastern Orthodox Serbs who are regularly excoriated, while the Muslim “Turks” (as the Serbs call their fellow ethnic Slavs who converted to Islam under the Turkish domination) and ethnic Albanians are eulogized as freedom fighters. Even most Jews tend not to want to recognize the religious dimension of the problems that Israel has with the mostly Muslim Palestinians.

This naive insouciance with respect to Muslim aggressiveness is possible only if one is determined to disregard both history and present-day experience. Paul warns—in another context, it is true—“If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?” (1 Corinthians 14:8). At an interfaith meeting in 1995 held in Aiken, South Carolina, Boston College professor Peter Kreeft called for an “ecumenical *jihad*.” The “five kings of orthodoxy”—Roman Catholicism, Eastern Orthodoxy, evangelical Protestantism, conservative Judaism, and (presumably non-fundamentalist) Islam were to unite to defeat the virulent forces of secularism. Unfortunately for Professor Kreeft’s metaphor, *jihad* is defined as “a holy war waged on behalf of Islam as a religious duty,” or “a bit-

Harold O.J. Brown is religion editor for Chronicles and a professor of theology and philosophy at Reformed Theological Seminary in Charlotte, North Carolina.

ter strife or crusade undertaken in the spirit of a holy war,” and this does not harmonize well with ecumenical fraternizing. If there is to be a *jihad* involving Muslims, Christians, and Jews, it will not be cooperative but confrontational, and it will not be very quiet or very comfortable for us other “peoples of the Book.”

Who is violent in today’s “post-Christian” world? We are well informed about violence perpetrated by the nominally Orthodox Christian Serbs against the “Turks” of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the ethnic Albanians of Kosovo. We hear very little, if anything, of the atrocities perpetrated by the “Turks” and ethnic Albanians against the Serbs, nor of the fact that the Muslims of Bosnia were the allies of the Nazis against the Serbs during World War II. Those “Turks” are ethnic Slavs who converted to Islam during the period of Turkish rule; the Albanian Muslims also came from a population, once Christian, which converted under the Turks and helped the Turks control their subject Christian majority. The Slavs have bitter memories of past Muslim terrors; when Polish children misbehaved, mothers used to warn them, “The Turks will get you,” reflecting centuries of Christian experience under the crescent moon. The fierce resentment that the Serbs feel at attempts to dismember what remains of their once substantial realm stems from that bitter history as well as from present-day antagonism.

Do the Muslims of today, in their majority, repudiate violence the way Christians are taught to feel shame for the Crusades? The rapid expansion of Islam, unlike that of Christianity in its early centuries, came in the wake of Arab conquests, which wiped out the Persian Empire and destroyed Zoroastrianism before proceeding to the subjugation of much of West Asia, North Africa, and Spain. Syria and Egypt fell; the library of Alexandria, the greatest in the ancient world and one of the jewels of Christian culture, was wantonly destroyed by the invaders. It is self-evident that Islam, far more than any other religion, owed its expansion to military aggression.

Although the eastern horn of the Islamic crescent was blunted in the waters around Constantinople in 678, Arabs pushed up the Iberian peninsula into France, until the western horn was finally broken by Charles Martel at Tours in 732 (a second Arab attempt to take Constantinople had failed in 718). The Christians of the Iberian peninsula took more than seven centuries to push the Islamic Moors back across the Straits of Gibraltar. (The 500th anniversary of this victory, 1492, was passed over in embarrassment as politically incorrect to celebrate, like Columbus’s discovery that same year.)

After the turn of the millennium, in the East, the Muslim Turks took over from the Arabs the attempts to overrun Christendom, eventually conquering Constantinople in 1453, having previously crossed the Bosphorus and established themselves in Greece and the Balkan peninsula. Most of Eastern Christendom was plunged into a prolonged darkness of the kind that the Nazis briefly visited on occupied France in 1940-1944. During this period, Islam—by conquest, trade, and missionary expansion—swept over India, down the Malay peninsula, into the islands of the East Indies, and up into central Asia, but much of this went relatively unnoticed in the West and plays an insignificant role in our courses in “world history.”

Islamic pressure on the Christian nations of southeastern Europe, with which we are more familiar, reached the gates of Vienna before being thrown back in 1526; a second and—up until now—last attempt was made in 1683: The Turkish armies

were defeated before the walls of Vienna by a coalition led by the Polish king, John Sobieski. That was the high-water mark of Islamic expansion. After that, the Islamic tide receded in North Africa, Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, and Arabia, beginning two and a half centuries of retreat. The rise of industrialism, Western science, and the European conquest and colonization of the Americas was followed by a steady pressure on what had been Muslim strongholds in Africa and the Near East. The ancient seats of Western culture in Greece were recovered early in the 19th century, and the Orthodox Balkan peoples gradually gained their independence, but even the defeat of Turkey in World War I could not restore Constantinople to the Greeks.

That defeat of the Turkish Empire in World War I was followed by the temporary establishment of Britain and France in the Near East. After the reluctant departure of the British and French after World War II, the Islamic expansion began again, this time under Arab, rather than Turkish, auspices. While Eu-

Geldings

by Alan Sullivan

*They used to celebrate only three things:
the birth of a boy, the emergence of a poet,
and the foaling of a blood mare.*

—Ibn Rashiq

Because they loved their horses
More than their swaddled wives,
They sang the poets’ praises
Of brief but impassioned lives
While squatting on their hassocks
And plucking polished ouds
Or loading shot in flintlocks
To settle tribal feuds.

Today their grim descendants
Truck-bomb embassies
To prove their independence
From foreign dynasties,
Yet no *jihad* or *fatwa*
Purges polluted souks
Where portraits of Madonna
Outsell the Prophet’s books.

To me it scarcely matters
If *mullahs* preach in skirts
Or harems trade their *chadors*
For skintight pants and shirts.
Sheiks are counting profits
As geldings court a mare,
But I mourn for the poets
Vanishing everywhere.

ropean hegemony had seemed destined for a millennial reign at the end of the 19th century, the 20th has proved it to be as frail as the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem and the other temporary conquests of the Crusades.

What Islam proved unable to achieve by military means, either against the industrialized nations of the West or against the Jewish immigrants in the Holy Land, it is now accomplishing by other means, by an Islamic version of the *Völk-erwanderungen* that overwhelmed the Western Roman Empire. Populations are being violently displaced; the highly publicized “ethnic cleansing” with which the Serbs are charged is but a pale reflection of what the Muslim Turks did to their Armenian Christian population in the second decade of this century. At the beginning of this century, one-third of the people of what is now Turkey were Christians, but the persecution and genocide of the Armenians early in the century, and the flight of Greeks after their ill-fated attempt to recover Constantinople following World War II, have left Turkey with only a tiny fraction of non-Muslims today. Even Israel may ultimately be more Muslim than Jewish.

The nations of the West still possess highly refined weapons and, in many cases, well-trained and numerous military forces.

LIBERAL ARTS

PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE

“Islam believes in cultural communication among nations and refuses setting up barriers and embargos and sees that it is our right to remove those barriers in the diplomatic means; however, when others intend to launch wars against it, Hizbollah finds it a natural right to defend itself. . . .

“Islam . . . is a message that aims at establishing justice, security, peace and right for all people no matter to any nation, race or religion they belong; we don’t have any complex toward others, but we feel the responsibility toward them, to make them understand the essence of our religion away from obligation and fanaticism.

“We don’t seek the application of Islam by force or violence but by peaceful political performance, which gives the opportunity for the majority in any society to adopt or reject it. If Islam becomes the choice of the majority then we will apply it; if not, we will continue to coexist and discuss till we reach to correct beliefs.”

—from the official website of Hizbollah
(www.hizbollah.org).

It would be suicidal for Turkey to attempt to storm Germany or for the Algerians to assault France. But Western Europe is gradually being subjected to invasion by immigration, if we can call it that. The Turkish population of Germany is large and growing, and the new Socialist-Green government, which is openly hostile to Christianity, intends to make their presence permanent without Germanizing anything but their language. A similar phenomenon exists in France, where the native French population is stagnating while the Algerian and other North African presence grows, only slightly moderated by the presence of African Christians. The wandering *Volk* may accomplish what no invading army could do.

The establishment of the state of Israel and the hitherto unsuccessful attempts of the Arabs to dislodge it by war (declared and undeclared) or by terrorism have diverted attention from the fact that Islam is spreading everywhere by what appears to be an inexorable biological energy. After the end of French rule, Algeria has been “ethnically cleansed,” if we may use that phrase, of its substantial European minority. With the end of colonial rule, Muslim rulers in several African states, without regard to the presence of large numbers of Christians and adherents of African tribal religions, are establishing Islamic *Shari’a* law, often with tremendous cruelty, noticed by its victims, but not by the West. Both Christians and animists in the Sudan are fair game for Muslim slave-traders.

The pressure and atrocities committed by adherents of Islam in Africa merit little attention in Western diplomatic circles and in the press. The African Christians and animists, like the Lebanese “right-wing Christian militias,” belong to what Jacques Ellul called the “uninteresting poor,” whose sufferings interest only themselves.

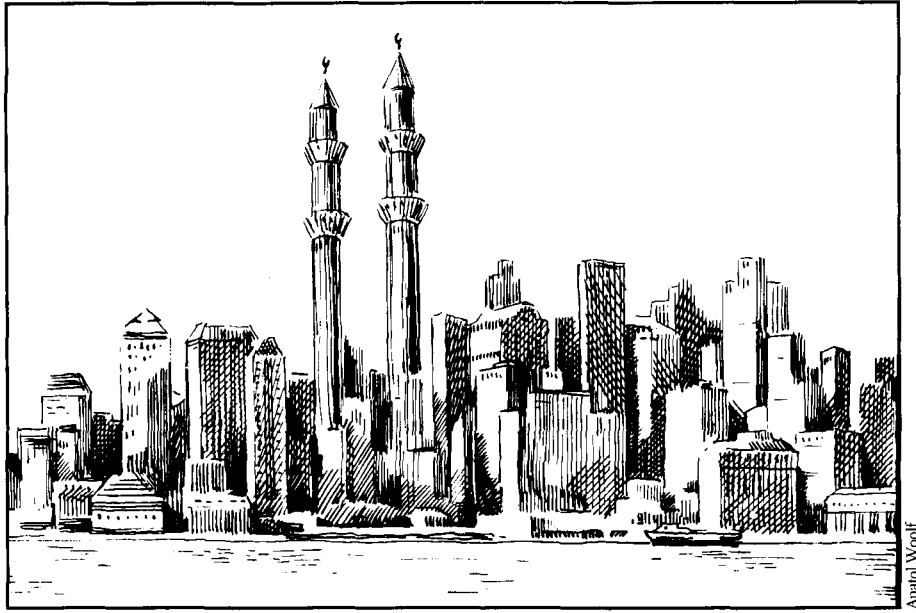
The Roman Empire in the West was becoming Christian before it was overwhelmed and subjugated by the *Völkerwanderungen* of the Germanic peoples. The success of the barbarians in penetrating and overthrowing the empire in the West was facilitated by the moral and spiritual fatigue of the old Romans. The imperial idea was no longer commanding, but Christianity was there as a vital force for the rebuilding of the ancient world. The resulting interaction between Hellenistic culture, Christian faith, and the vigor of the barbarians produced “Christian culture” and Christendom.

The peoples of the West are tired, having exhausted much of their strength in what amounted to wars of extermination in the first half of this century. Reformed demographer Pierre Chaunu speaks of a “demographic winter,” of the gradual dying out of whole populations. But the Muslim peoples, after centuries of stagnation, are resurgent. They, too, may experience a demographic winter, but it will set in later. Their old ambitions again seem within their reach, strengthened as they are by the tremendous importance of their vast reserves of oil. Many of the traditional religious foundations of the West are eroded; it is not yet apparent whether emergent signs of revival indicate a rejuvenation of Christendom or only a few “brands snatched from the burning.” Nominal Christians seem to care little for the fate of their religion or even the destiny of their nations; fervent and convinced Christians, fewer in number, are surely more vigorous, but the eyes of many are fixed on the “city that is to come” (Hebrews 13:14). Is there enough vision and strength to rebuild the walls of the West? Or will we succumb to a quiet *jihad*, in which what could not be gained by violence is achieved by erosion?

Multiculturalism and Islam

Liberal Fiction and Historical Truth

by Srdja Trifkovic



“Some say there is an inevitable clash between Western civilization and Western values, and Islamic civilizations and values. I believe this view is terribly wrong. False prophets may use and abuse any religion to justify whatever political objectives they have—even cold-blooded murder. Some may have the world believe that almighty God himself, the merciful, grants a license to kill. But that is not our understanding of Islam. . . . There are over 1,200 mosques and Islamic centers in the United States, and the number is rapidly increasing. The six million Americans who worship there will tell you there is no inherent clash between Islam and America. Americans respect and honor Islam.”

And so, on September 21, 1998, at the United Nations, President Clinton declared the quest by our ruling establishment for a “moderate Islam” officially over. If “six million Americans” believe in something, that in itself is taken as proof that their ideals include religious tolerance, kindness to strangers, and aversion to violence. Like the unicorn or phlogiston, however, “tolerant Islam” can be defined and visualized, but it cannot be made *real*. In the name of “diversity,” we are required to praise alternative religions, but Islam itself cannot tolerate diversity without ceasing to be what it is.

To the ruling post-Christian elite, this notion is unbearable. Having no faith themselves (except the baby boomers’ belief in their own uniqueness), they do not take Islam’s faith seriously.

Srdja Trifkovic is the executive director of The Lord Byron Foundation for Balkan Studies.

Smugly observing the demise of Christian belief and culture on both sides of the Atlantic, they trust the combined efforts of television, the Big Mac, and the public education system to make little Muhammad and Azra into carbon copies of Johnny and Chelsea.

It may not work. Contrary to Mr. Clinton’s “understanding of Islam,” this peculiar creed has been synonymous with violence and intolerance since its earliest days. Like Bolshevism and Nazism, Islam is part religion and part ideology, and it seeks to impose uniformity of thought and feeling on the faithful, and to subjugate and ultimately to destroy its non-adherents.

The beginnings of Muhammad’s public career are little known to most Westerners. A non-Muslim reading the Koran, however, might conclude that Muhammad’s career was marked by a long string of killings, armed robberies, and rape, interspersed by a series of inspired pronouncements of varying coherence. Outsiders—the Jews of Medinah, or Muhammad’s Arabic kinsmen who were reluctant to accept his self-proclaimed divinity—could testify to his unique concepts of justice and mercy.

When, in A.D. 626, for instance, six of Muhammad’s henchmen murdered an elderly Jew by the name of Abu Rafi in his sleep, they argued afterwards whose weapon had actually ended the victim’s life. The prophet decided that the person who owned the sword that still had traces of food on it was entitled to the credit. Abu Rafi had just finished his dinner before falling asleep, and the fatal slash went through his stomach.

If Abu Rafi's murder was a kind of *Kristallnacht*, Muhammad's attack against the tribe of Banu-'l-Mustaliq, later in that same year, was a decisive step towards *Endloesung*. His followers slaughtered many tribesmen and looted thousands of their camels and sheep; they also kidnapped 500 of their women. The night after the battle, Muhammad and his brigands staged an orgy of rape. As one Abu Sa'id Khudri remembered, a slight problem needed to be resolved first: In order to obtain ransom from the surviving tribesmen, the Muslims had pledged not to violate their captives.

We were lusting after women and chastity had become too hard for us, but we wanted to get the ransom money for our prisoners. So we wanted to use the *Azl* [*coitus interruptus*]. . . . We asked the Prophet about it and he said: "You are not under any obligation to stop yourselves from doing it like that."

The members of the last surviving Jewish tribe in Medinah, Banu Qurayzah, were even less fortunate. Muhammad offered the men conversion to Islam as an alternative to death; upon their refusal, all 900 were decapitated in front of their enslaved women and children. The women were subsequently raped; Muhammad chose as his concubine one Raihana Bint Amr, whose father and husband were both slaughtered before her eyes only hours earlier.

Islam enters the new millennium
with a strong hand. For starters, it
is "non-white," non-European, and
non-Christian, which makes it a natural
ally of the ruling Western elites.

This same man is explicitly upheld by all Muslims everywhere—from Los Angeles to Sarajevo, from Marseilles to Chechnya—as the paragon of godly, morally impeccable behavior, to be admired and emulated until the end of time. The prevalence of his name among Muslim men is symbolic of the covenant. His behavior, and that of his followers, was sanctioned in Muhammad's prophetic revelation, and duly recorded in his holy book:

And all married women are forbidden unto you *except* those captives whom your right hand possesses. It is a decree of Allah for you. Lawful unto you are all beyond those mentioned, so that you seek them with your wealth in honest wedlock, not debauchery. . . . [Koran 4:24]

Non-Muslims who look for mercy and compassion from these quarters will search in vain. Muhammad explicitly for-

bade his followers to make friends of Christians and Jews, and warned them of the sanction for disobedience: "He among you who taketh them for friends is one of them" (Koran 5:51). But as the marauders could derive no material benefit from corpses, the lives of the conquered could be spared if they agreed to pay a hefty tribute to the Muslims. In his own lifetime, Muhammad thus established the model for subsequent relations between Islamic conquerors and their Christian or Jewish subjects.

The option of conversion was always available, and to be on the right side of Allah—and of history, as it seemed for a long time—was not too demanding. God, the creator and sustainer of the world, rewarded all those who expressed their worship in prayer, almsgiving, and self-purification, and above all in unquestioning obedience to Muhammad. That "God is great, and that there is no God but God" was easily grasped by the nomadic tribes of the desert and, later, of the steppe.

Underdeveloped culturally and socially, the nomads had few theological and logical qualms about Muhammad's claim that he was the sole spokesman for the authentic "religion of Abraham," a religion that had been corrupted by Jews and Christian alike. Since Jerusalem was, for the time being, out of reach, Muhammad audaciously attributed to Abraham the founding of the old pagan sanctuary, the *Ka'bah*, which housed a piece of black meteoric rock that became the Muslims' holy of holies. Later, non-Arab converts would translate "the crude and casual assertions of the Prophet" into a coherent teaching.

Between Muhammad's death in A.D. 626 and the second siege of Vienna, just over a thousand years later, Islam expanded—at first rapidly, then intermittently—at the expense of everything and everyone in the way of its warriors. But Islamic models of culture and society—represented by the horsemen who swept across three continents in the decades after Muhammad's death—were unable to induce the heirs of Christian, Middle Eastern, and Indian civilizations to attune their values and ways of life to the true faith.

There have been times when some Muslim lands were fit for a civilized man to live in. Baghdad under Harun ar-Rashid in the eighth and early ninth centuries or Cordova under Abd ar-Rahman in the tenth come to mind, but these brief periods of civilization were based on the readiness to borrow from earlier cultures, to compile, translate, learn, and absorb—a bit like *America before the closing of its mind*. These cultural awakenings happened in spite of the spirit of Islam, which—unable to engender interesting ideas of its own—rejected others as a threat.

In subsequent centuries, cross-fertilization of elements from diverse regions and traditions became increasingly difficult: Islam was accepted or rejected in its entirety, regardless of local custom or tradition. An unprecedented rigidity was introduced into the relations between civilizations, reflecting the fundamental tenet of Islam—accurately restated a decade ago by Bosnia's president, Alija Izetbegovic, in his *Islamic Declaration*—that "there can be no peace between Islam and other forms of social and political organization."

Unleashed as the militant faith of a barbarian war-band, Islam turned its boundary with the outside world into a perpetual war zone. For a long time, the outcome of the onslaught was in doubt. The early attack on Christendom reached as far west as Tours, and almost enabled the Koran—in Gibbon's memorable phrase—to be "taught in the schools of Oxford" to a cir-

cumcised people. The last attempt in pre-modern times, going through the Balkans, took the sultan's janissaries more than half-way from Constantinople to Dover. On both occasions, the tide was checked, but its subsequent rolling back took decades, even centuries.

For the millions of Christians and Jews engulfed by the deluge, those were centuries of quiet desperation interrupted by the regular pangs of agony. The materially and culturally rich Christian civilization of Byzantium and its budding Slavic offspring in Serbia and Bulgaria were reduced to *dhimmis*, "people of the Book," whose advantage over pagans was that their life and earthly goods were ostensibly safe for as long as they submitted to Islamic rule. That rule rested on the two pillars of Islamic ideology and political practice—*jihad* and *Shari'a*—that provided the quasi-legal framework for institutionalized oppression of the infidels.

The story of the non-Muslims' experiences under Islamic rule is as politically incorrect to tell, and therefore as little known in today's America, as the remarkable life of Muhammad himself. At first, the choice of the vanquished seemed to be not "Islam or death" but "Islam or super-tax," but over time *Shari'a* ensured the decline of Eastern Christianity, the sapping of the captives' vitality and capacity for renewal. The practice of *devshirme*, the annual "blood levy" of Christian boys to be trained as janissaries, and the spiking of infidels were among its more obvious consequences.

If any single factor made the Balkans what they are today—to take a newsworthy example—it was the ordeal of five centuries of Muhammadan misrule. Modern attempts by some apologists for Islam in the West—notably, one Noel Malcolm—to present the sordid *casino* of Ottoman overlordship in southeast Europe as "tolerant," or even enlightened, are as intellectually dishonest as they are factually insupportable. Bat Ye'or's *The Decline of Eastern Christianity Under Islam* gives the lie to that. To understand Islam's record with its non-adherents, one should compare it not to Judaism nor Christianity, but rather match it against modern totalitarian ideologies, notably Bolshevism and National Socialism. Each explicitly denied the legitimacy of any form of social, political, or cultural organization other than itself. Stalin's *forma mentis* was different from that of Khomeini only in quantity, not in quality. The latter's statement that the Muslims have no choice but to wage "holy war against profane governments" until the conquest of the world has been accomplished was Khrushchev's "We shall bury you" wrapped in green instead of red. "Peaceful coexistence" was but *jihad* under another name. Islam, communism, and Nazism sought an eschatological shortcut that would enable the initiated to bypass the predicament of a seemingly aimless existence, while explicitly replacing Christian grace with the gnostic mantras of "surrender" ("Islam"), "dialectical materialism," "*Volksgemeinschaft*."

Nazism was the least coherent of the three; but it was among the Nazis (most notably with the architect of the holocaust, Heinrich Himmler) that Islam found its most willing promoters and collaborators in the pre-multicultural Europe. Himmler's hatred of "soft" Christianity was equal to his liking for Islam, which he saw as a masculine, martial religion based on the SS qualities of blind obedience and readiness for self-sacrifice, untainted by compassion for one's enemies. (While Hitler did not think much of Himmler's neo-pagan mysticism, he was happy to let Islam become the "SS religion.") By creating an SS divi-

sion composed of Bosnian Muslims, Himmler sought to enhance the links between Nazi Germany and the Islamic world. One of his closest aides, *Obergruppenführer* Gottlob Berger, stated that

a link is created between Islam and National-Socialism on an open, honest basis. It will be directed in terms of blood and race from the North, and in the ideological-spiritual sphere from the East.

In his drive to recruit Muslims, Himmler enlisted the support of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, El Husseini, who went to the Nazi puppet state of Croatia in 1943 to encourage his Bosnian Muslim flock to fight for the Reich. More than 20,000 enlisted in the 13th SS Division, *Hanjar* (the Turkish curved sword). The number of Bosnian Muslim volunteers in Himmler's units reached 46,000 by September 1943. This exceeded the number of Bosnian Muslims serving with Tito's Partisans and Croatian Ustašas together.

Half a century later, post-Christian "liberal democracy" expects to neuter Islam by reducing it to yet another humanistic project in self-celebration. Foreign policy strategists in Washington pander to its geopolitical designs, throwing smaller Christian nations—Serbs and Greek Cypriots today, Bulgars and Greeks tomorrow—to the wolves, hoping to balance the books for half a century of America's "passionate attachment" in the Middle East. They do not seem to realize that such morsels will only whet the Islamic appetite, paving the way to a major confrontation in the next century.

One way to avoid this is to open the gates and give up, and Islam's proselytizers in the West are learning how to play the game. They act as if Islam were just another competitor in the marketplace of the secular political system, without giving up their ultimate claims and objectives. Islam enters the new millennium with a strong hand. For starters, it is "non-white," non-European, and non-Christian, which makes it a natural ally of the ruling Western elites. At the same time, it has an inherent advantage over Clinton, Blair, Schröder, and Chirac, who are unable to generate an emotional response among the *hoi polloi* for their tepid ideology of multicultural mediocrity. It also has an advantage over most established Christian denominations, since the latter are no longer even "the Tory Party at Prayer" but—at best—"the Social Workers at Therapy." Richly endowed with petro-dollars, Islam's public relations front will use the symbols and vocabulary of the Dominant Tendency, and wait for its implosion.

Islam should not be blamed for being what it is, nor should its adherents be condemned for maintaining their traditions: Luther would say that they *kann nicht anders*. We should not hate it, nor ban it. We should, however, blame ourselves for refusing to acknowledge the facts of the case, and failing to take stock of our options. Those who have lost their own faith have little right to point a finger at those who uphold theirs.

In the present state of Western weakness, this process may well lead further millions to the conclusion that we should all become Muslims, since our goose is cooked anyway, spiritually and demographically. Those of us who do not cherish that prospect should at least demand that our rulers present that option fairly and squarely. To pretend—as Mr. Clinton does—that Islam is rather like Episcopalianism is plainly stupid or deeply dishonest. In view of the source, it is probably both.

Plundering the treasures of conquered lands has always been a fair game, from Neolithic herds and Sabine women to works of art: Byzantine statuary adorns St. Marco's in Venice, and Elgin's marbles are in London to stay. But moving a land itself across an international frontier is a novel concept, one which is being tried in the Middle East, as Robert Fisk reported from Beirut in the *Independent* (November 5):

Israel occupies Arab land: most of the Palestinian West Bank, part of the Gaza Strip, all of the Syrian Golan Heights and 10 per cent of Lebanon. But now, it turns out, Israel is taking the land of Lebanon—quite literally—to Israel. Thousands of tons of Lebanese soil are being secretly trucked over the border into Israel from the south of Lebanon to fertilise the farmlands of Israeli Galilee. Israeli bulldozers are stripping the topsoil off Lebanese farmland . . . to help Israeli farmers two miles further south—on the other side of the border—to grow tomatoes and olives. . . . And the Lebanese government, needless to say, has vainly complained to both the U.N. and the European Union about the theft.

The Lebanese land will not be used to grow legumes: The Israelis oppose land for peas.

Israel's principal Muslim enemy these days is not in Lebanon but in Iraq, whose leader possesses chemical and biological "weapons of mass destruction." The Israelis, however, apparently have a biological trick or two up their own sleeves, as Uzi Mahnaimi and Marie Colvin report in the *Sunday Times* of London ("Israel planning 'ethnic' bomb as Saddam caves

in," November 15):

Israel is working on a biological weapon that would harm Arabs but not Jews, according to Israeli military and western intelligence sources. The weapon, targeting victims by ethnic origin, is seen as Israel's response to Iraq's threat of chemical and biological attacks. . . . In developing the "ethno-bomb," Israeli scientists are trying to exploit medical advances by identifying distinctive genes carried by some Arabs, then create a genetically modified bacterium or virus. . . . The scientists are trying to engineer deadly micro-organisms that attack only those bearing the distinctive genes. The programme is based at the biological institute in Nes Tziyona, the main research facility for Israel's clandestine arsenal of chemical and biological weapons.

A scientist there said the task was hugely complicated because both Arabs and Jews are of Semitic origin. But he added: "They have, however, succeeded in pinpointing a particular characteristic in the genetic profile of certain Arab communities, particularly the Iraqi people." The disease could be spread by spraying the organisms into the air or putting them in water supplies. The research mirrors biological studies conducted by South African scientists during the apartheid era. . . . The "ethno-bomb" claims have been given credence in Foreign Report, a

Jane's publication that closely monitors security and defence matters. It reports unnamed South African sources as saying Israeli scientists have used some of the South African research in trying to develop an "ethnic bullet" against Arabs. It also says Israelis discovered aspects of the Arab genetic make-up by researching on "Jews of Arab origin," especially Iraqis.

To paraphrase Murphy, if a weapon of mass destruction can be developed, it will be. Once the weapon exists, it is tempting to use it—as documents discovered recently at Great Britain's Public Records Office reveal. According to the documents, Winston Churchill contemplated drenching Germany with poison gas in the last year of World War II. As the *Guardian* reported on November 2, Churchill discussed the possibility in a memorandum to General Sir Hastings Ismay, secretary of the war cabinet, in July 1944:

"It is absurd," he wrote, "to consider morality on this topic when everybody used it in the last war without a word of complaint from the moralists or the Church. On the other hand, in the last war the bombing of open cities was regarded as forbidden. Now everybody does it as a matter of course. It is simply a question of fashion changing as she does between long and short skirts for women." . . . He told Ismay he wanted "a cold-blooded calculation made as to how it would pay us to use poison gas, by which I mean principally mustard. We could probably deliver 20 tons to their

one. . . . We could drench the cities of the Ruhr and many other cities in Germany in such a way that most of the population would be requiring constant medical attention." . . . In a chilling passage [as if the rest aren't], Churchill continued: ". . . if we do it, let us to it 100 per cent. In the meanwhile, I want the matter studied in cold blood by sensible people and not by that particular set of psalm-singing uniformed defeatists which one runs across now here and there." . . . But by then the military chiefs had decided enough was enough. . . . Churchill succumbed, but not without sending Ismay and the chiefs of staff a bitter memo on July 29, 1944. "I am not at all convinced by this negative report," he said. "But clearly I cannot make head against the parsons and the warriors at the same time. The matter should be brought up again when things get worse."

Churchill, at least, was no hypocrite, and he opposed the high-minded farce of the Nuremberg trials. Ideologues like Lenin, Pol Pot, and Janet Reno, on the other hand, are very good at singing psalms on human rights while justifying mass-slaughter. Here is the attorney general's opinion of the rest of us, as expressed in an unjustly forgotten interview (*60 Minutes*, June 26, 1994):

A cultist is one who has a strong belief in the Bible and the Second Coming of Christ; who frequently attends Bible studies; who has a high level of financial giving to a Christian cause; who home schools for their children; who has accumulated survival foods and has a strong belief in the Second Amendment; and who distrusts big government. Any of these may qualify a person as a cultist but certainly more than one of these would cause us to look at this

person as a threat, and his family as being in a risk situation that qualified for government interference.

That Reno is a friend of both Hillary Clinton and Madeleine Albright is unremarkable and befitting. "Most friendships, Sir"—as Dr. Johnson reminded his young friend Boswell—"are mere leagues in vice, or conspiracies in folly." In politics, they are invariably both. That they also tend to end stickily for one or both parties—as evidenced by the Führer and the Duce, or Che and Fidel—ought to be remembered by our polyglot secretary of state and her foreign associates. On November 3, the German TV network ZDF reported from New York on a meeting between Albright and Joschka Fischer, the leader of Germany's Greens and the junior coalition partner in Gerhard Schröder's government. In no time at all, according to ZDF, Albright and Fischer were addressing each other with the informal "*Du*."

While it is not surprising that these two should converse in a language which neither of them regards as foreign—and not in English, which they both had to learn from scratch—it remains to be seen whether this level of instant intimacy will prompt Fischer to nominate Albright as the next *Bundespräsident(in)*. This may prove a more enticing prospect to Albright than Vaclav Havel's offer of the presidential suite at the Hradský. As has been pointed out in these pages, the Czech army is a less impressive toy than the one Albright is used to playing with—but the *Bundeswehr* just might do.

In the meantime, Mrs. Albright's vision of a New European Order based on human rights may be on a collision course with Islamic law. At a U.N. meeting on Islam's perception of human rights, held on the 50th anniversary of the Universal Declaration on Human Rights, a U.N. spokesman optimistically suggested that Islam had made "many positive contributions . . . many Islamic traditions . . . enriched human rights." As the BBC reported (November 9):

The Organisation of the Islamic Conference has welcomed the [U.N.] initiative. . . . Diplomats from Islamic countries say that after the fall of the Berlin Wall, the UN began to redirect its energies from the fight

against communism to the fight against Islam. They say their legal systems, based on Sharia law, are too often seen as incompatible with UN human rights conventions, based on Judeo-Christian values. But, they say, the universal declaration of human rights should encompass all values, including Islamic ones.

Richard Holbrooke—that fearless champion of Islamic rights—would no doubt endorse the initiative. Holbrooke is said to be sponsoring an "Albanians with Disabilities Act" after his friend Gica, a Kosovo Liberation Army guerrilla and a sheriff of Junik (a KLA bastion), was wounded following one of Holbrooke's visits to Kosovo last year. As Reuters reported on November 3:

It seems the sheriff, eager to establish his authority in an altercation with a motorist, fired a burst from his machine gun into the ground. He was last seen limping from the scene, trailing blood from his shoe, having shot himself in the foot.

Meanwhile, closer to home, the U.S. Navy is doing its best to keep up with American troops in the Balkans. An article in the *Washington Times* (November 7) painted a vivid picture of the new, ecumenical Navy:

The Norfolk Naval Base is home to the U.S. military's first mosque. The Masjid al D'Wah, opened a year ago, is a small space in a building that also houses a synagogue and two chapels. For the Navy's Muslims, it's a recognition of Islam's growing presence in the military and an affirmation that they can fulfill duties to both God and country. "People are very, very proud of this room," said Lt. Malak Ibn Noel, the mosque's imam, or religious leader, and the first Muslim chaplain in Navy history.

Force and Idea

by Samuel Francis

"The tone and tendency of liberalism . . . is to attack the institutions of the country under the name of reform and to make war on the manners and customs of the people under the pretext of progress."

—Benjamin Disraeli

After Liberalism: Mass Democracy and the Managerial State
by Paul Gottfried
Princeton: Princeton University Press;
176 pp., \$27.95



Although Paul Gottfried begins his most recent book with what appears to be merely a cliché of modern conservative thought—that "Liberalism has . . . lost any meaningful connection to what it once signified," that the word no longer refers to the defense of decentralized power, a restricted state, and a strong and independent moral order and has come to mean the defense of exactly the antithesis of historic liberalism—he succeeds in elaborating the cliché into an incisive and at times brilliant, if occasionally flawed, interpretation of the "managerial state" that parades under the mantle of liberalism.

The concept of the "managerial state," first used by James Burnham and reformulated by myself largely in articles and columns in *Chronicles*, is more than a synonym for what conservatives and classical liberals usually call "big government." As Gottfried explains, 19th-century reformers in Prussia and France introduced an enlarged scale of government by sponsoring public education, but "the justifications were both practical and nonegalitarian," the purpose being to increase the literacy of workers and to strengthen national unity. By contrast, public education in the managerial state aims explicitly at "changing social structure and social attitudes." The manage-

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist and editor of the Samuel Francis Letter, a monthly newsletter.



rial state, in Gottfried's usage, has an explicit mission—reconstructing society—that was (so he claims) foreign to classical liberalism.

In Burnham's original usage, however, and in the reformulated usage that I have developed, the state (as well as the culture and the economy) is an instrument of a managerial class, a class characterized by its acquired mastery of the technical and managerial skills that enable modern society to function. Such skills include not only scientific and engineering but economic, legalistic, administrative, communicative (public relations), and psycho-social techniques that have become essential for the operation of large-scale organizations, whether the organizations in question are formally political (the state and its units), economic (the mass corporations), or cultural (the media, foundations, and educational institutions). While the managerial state and the other components of the regime are indeed driven by a need to reconstruct society, this need arises only secondarily from the ideological persuasions of the managerial class and primarily from its structural interests: In order to enhance the

rewards of its technical skills, it must extend their application to an increasing range of governmental, economic, social, and cultural functions, and the extension of technical skills to new functions and institutions brings the managerial class into conflict with older classes that lack its skills and interests.

But, like any elite or ruling class, the managerial class cannot baldly acknowledge that its behavior is driven by its interest in gaining wealth and power, and so it masks its drive for these by adopting and invoking convenient ideologies that justify expanded government and state manipulation of social functions while also denigrating, debunking, and delegitimizing the older, pre-managerial class and the institutions and values by which it dominated. The "social reconstruction" that the managerial regime undertakes arises, then, not only from the interests of the elite that controls the regime but also from its need to destroy its predecessors and competitors for hegemony.

Gottfried's analysis of the "managerial state" only tangentially resembles this Burnhamite model, and he accords far more motivating force to the ideology of the state than either Burnham or I. "It is hard to demonstrate," he writes, "that managerial elites have consistently benefited by pushing their own bodies of belief." Nazi state managers, for example, were "rushing headlong into cosmic violence and arbitrary personal rule," while liberal managers today universally support mass immigration, which Gottfried argues cannot be justified in terms of the interests of the managerial class. Those who run Gottfried's managerial state are primarily driven by ideology, and that ideology is not a mask by which to disguise the pursuit of their group interests.

I must say that he is simply wrong on both counts. Just because an ideology ultimately leads to disaster for the class that peddles it, it does not follow that the class expected to gain nothing from its adoption. Nazi state managers enjoyed a hell of a ride while it lasted, and the early political and military successes of the National Socialist state gave them every material incentive to support its ideology. As for mass immigration, it ought to be obvious that both corporate and bureaucratic elites benefit from it, the one by gaining cheap labor, the other by acquiring a new underclass on which they may tinker even further with their managerial skills.

Nor is it the case that a class simply pretends to believe in an ideology, as Gottfried suggests I believe. "For all these writers," he writes, meaning myself, Burnham, and C. Wright Mills, "ideology takes a back seat to social forces in explaining modern political organization;" but "When conservative Republican Congressman Dick Armey lectures his Texas constituents on the need for even higher levels of immigration from Mexico, it is not opportunism but ideological fervor that explains his behavior." What really explains Republican congressmen like Mr. Armey is probably sheer stupidity, but even cognitive dysfunction need not be invoked as an explanation. I have no doubt whatsoever that Mr. Armey does truly and deeply believe in mass immigration and that he is in large part motivated by his beliefs. The point is that it is irrelevant what he believes; the regime—the system, the society, the apparatus by which the managerial class dominates—demands mass immigration, and leaders like Mr. Armey emerge in response to that demand. They are elected and acquire leadership positions because the "social forces"—the interest groups that help manage and finance campaigns and elections, the media that condemn immigration restrictionism and eulogize those who oppose immigration controls, the organized voting blocs that help determine who gets elected—push them into leadership and either ignore or push out anyone who neglects their interests. Since Gottfried readily acknowledges that opinion polls show strong majorities opposed to mass immigration, how else can he explain its continuation if strategically powerful social forces are not pushing it and those who support it? In the absence of such social forces and of a

popular consensus in favor of immigration, leaders like Dick Armey could neither emerge at all nor survive in leadership positions simply because they happen to "believe in" open borders.

I have no major quarrel with Gottfried's argument that those who espouse liberalism (or what passes for it) really believe in their stated beliefs, but acknowledging this does not help explain why those who believe in some ideas triumph over others who believe in different ones. Yet his emphasis on ideology leads him, in my view, to concentrate too much on the historical and philosophical analysis of ideas rather than of the social forces that do explain what triumphs and what loses. His book would have been stronger had he paid more attention to social forces such as managerial corporations and their elites as engines of social reconstruction. As a critical dissection of the ideology of the "liberal democratic" state that prevails today, however, Gottfried's book is unparalleled since James Burnham's *Suicide of the West*. Like Burnham, he shows in luxurious detail how those who repeatedly invoke "pluralism"—Horace Kallen, Theodore Lowi, Ronald Dworkin, and Amy Gutmann, among others—contradict their own premises and expose themselves, with their saccharine-sounding agendas of "tolerance," "diversity," and "harmony," as crypto-authoritarians whose ideas justify not only the suppression of opposition but also what Gottfried calls, in a phrase that should be perpetuated, "the dehumanization of dissent," by which anyone who disagrees with the "pluralistic" deconstruction and delegitimization of bourgeois society is less than human, certainly less than rational, an "authoritarian personality," a "status-frustrated" victim of alienation, a subject more suitable for the analyst's couch or the padded cell than a mind to be argued

with. This contradiction of pluralism's own premises is not a lapse in logic but rather part of a calculated strategy by which the suppression and delegitimization of dissent by the managerial state is justified.

Once initiated, this mission continued beyond the point at which moderate pluralists wished to have it stop. For if the state is to be empowered, as all pluralists believe it must, to fight "prejudice" through social engineering, why should it limit its energies to "anti-Semites" or "racists"? The pluralist mandate for change can be and has been applied to other ambitious ventures, which like earlier ones have come at the expense of social freedom. With due respect to its former practitioners now suffering second thoughts, all phases of pluralism reveal the same tendencies, the ascendancy of the managerial state and its restructuring of social relations.

Gottfried's book is probably destined to become a classic of contemporary conservative thought and to endure long after the tracts and pamphlets of neo-conservative sloganeers are forgotten. Whether one takes the ideas themselves or the social forces behind them as the primary engines, Paul Gottfried shows clearly that the totalitarian imperatives of modern post-liberalism are inherent in the ideology itself and not an accidental accretion that is epiphenomenal to modernization. In this respect, *After Liberalism* belongs in the same category as *Suicide of the West* and *The Road to Serfdom*. Absent the hegemony of the managerial class and its apologists on the right and the left, it might come to enjoy the same stature and influence those classics have acquired. <C

After Liberalism: Mass Democracy and the Managerial State

"In Western Europe and North America, [the] state rests its power upon a multi-tiered following: an underclass and now middle-class welfariate, a self-assertive public sector, and a vanguard of media and journalistic public defenders. . . . [T]he regime and its apologists have been able to marginalize their opposition. This is apparent on . . . the now respectable or moderate Right. There a tolerated opposition offers tepid criticism of the administrative state while warning against populist extremism."

—Paul Gottfried

Ah, Wilderness!

by Scott McConnell

*"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"*

—William Cowper

**An Empire Wilderness: Travels Into
America's Future**
by Robert D. Kaplan
New York: Random House;
393 pp., \$27.50

◆

Having written books on the Balkans (*Balkan Ghosts*) and the most disorganized parts of Africa (*The Ends of the Earth*), Robert Kaplan, contributing editor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, has turned his eye on the western half of North America. Such bastions of Middle American stability as Omaha, Nebraska, and Tucson, Arizona, are subjected to the author's characteristic scrutiny: that of an observant traveler well informed by history who takes due note of the social fissures in whatever place he happens to be visiting. These cracks—usually foreshadowing more serious social fragmentation and often used by the author to explain seemingly unavoidable cycles of conflict and failed leadership—provide Kaplan with the narrative thread by which he is able to convey his own, generally pessimistic, worldview.

The idea for such a book about the American West is itself arresting. *An Empire Wilderness* is an unambiguous sign that concern about the impact of economic globalization and mass immigration on America's long-term cohe-

Scott McConnell writes from New York.



Anatol Woolf

sion—which has preoccupied realist and traditional conservatives for years—is beginning to affect the center and left of the political spectrum as well, having bypassed the more established Beltway right and its mainstream journals with their notorious reluctance seriously to entertain such issues. Kaplan explores his subject with detached understatement, always aware that he is speaking of (and to) a nation that has not experienced a major national tragedy since the Civil War and whose leaders behave as if

it enjoyed a permanent exemption from the condition of being human. Yet in the graceful writing and the half-alarmed asides, there is insight and painful realism; as a portrait of half a continent undergoing rapid and generally wrenching change, *An Empire Wilderness* is first-rate.

Kaplan begins his journey at the Army staff college in Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas—the departure point for hundreds of wagon trains and the cavalry's Indian campaigns, the base where Eisenhower studied war and Colin Powell served as commander. Sitting awestruck in the Protestant memorial chapel, going over the names of those fallen in battle, Kaplan feels himself at the "core of nationhood." Today's officers are adept at computer modeling (urban warfare, possibly on the American continent, is a hot subject), conversant with history, well read, and personally disciplined. A select group by measure of achievement and, quite often, bravery, they cannot help but be conscious of the cultural gaps separating them from the elites on both coasts. Whether black or white, Leavenworth's officers usually have rural and blue collar roots—backgrounds which, though once well represented at the higher levels of American government and business, are now marginal nearly to the point of quaintness. Kaplan notes, in an almost off-hand way, that the living conditions at Leavenworth are Spartan by contemporary standards, the consumption of modern creature com-

forts not even remotely equivalent to that enjoyed by financial and information-age executives in New York or Los Angeles (a fact that is probably of no consequence for the time being, though it is not impossible to imagine circumstances in which it might matter).

From Leavenworth, Kaplan proceeds to St. Louis—more precisely, to several disparate St. Louises, his description of which amounts to a template for that of subsequent American cities, all of them breaking into different “communities,” the parts losing relationship to one another. St. Louis’s middle class, now ensconced in newly incorporated edge cities, lives in gated communities protected by private police forces; left behind, of course, are the black poor. Kaplan tours North St. Louis with a black police department major, 40 years old and all too aware that, by every measure, the place is worse off than when he was growing up. As with many contemporary American slum neighborhoods, the decaying architecture is beautiful, dominated by stately brick houses inhabited by squatters and drug dealers. Unskilled factory jobs have disappeared, and with them any market for physical labor offering a living wage. Kaplan likens this development to the closing of the frontier at the end of the last century: Both were disastrous for those not blessed with above-average intelligence and skills. Wistfully, he calls for the feds to do something—“it’s as if government were never here,” he says of East St. Louis. But there are no easy solutions, and perhaps even no acceptable ones: “A culture rooted in Europe had moved out and a culture deformed by slavery . . . had moved in, a transformation too great to be controlled by traditional democratic government, with its limited powers and half way measures.” As a brief for authoritarian redistributionism, Kaplan’s is more candid than most.

Outside their rotting inner cores, the Midwestern cities are expanding. In newer office lobbies, dozens of foreign periodicals are on display; in the offices beyond, professionals track market conditions half a world away on computer screens. Cities like Omaha now have active foreign policy associations, which Kaplan finds European in tone: very practical where matters of trade are concerned, with little interest in human rights or crusades for democracy. Thus, in the heartland, the middle class has dis-

tanced itself from the local poor, while forging new links to communities beyond America’s borders. For Kaplan, the creation of these distinct worlds recalls Teddy Kollek’s concept of Jerusalem as a “community of communities” where different groups live side by side without any real contact with one another.

Yet Kaplan is impressed by multiethnic Los Angeles, which for him inspires not *Blade Runner* scenarios but enthusiasm for the glitzy new malls bursting with a thousand kinds of Asian food. Even much-maligned Orange County, now multiethnic and buzzing with commerce, he finds compelling. In a trendy restaurant where crowds of Indian, Chinese, and Iranian yuppies gather to make deals, he recalls how John Gunther, whose *Inside U.S.A.* was written 50 years ago, used to ask where the power was, finding it often in the local party machine. Today, it was here in this restaurant, “dispersed among many more people and much less accountable, for the issue was simply profit, disconnected from political promises or even geography.”

The fly in the ointment, of course, is the question of patriotism. “Will this place fight for its country? Are these people loyal to anything except themselves?” Kaplan wonders. His host, an Orange County business editor, acknowledges that loyalty is a problem, but perhaps “patriotism will survive in the form of prestige, if America remains the world economic leader.” If not, Angelenos and others will discover whether or not a society without binding ties can survive a serious decline in prosperity.

While high-end multiculturalism is attractive, low-end cosmopolitanism is truly dreadful. Kaplan finds Tijuana hardly Mexican at all but a multicultural

sludge, with street hustlers touting wares in Japanese and Hebrew, Disney figures along with plastic Jesuses. But beyond the border city lies Mexico itself—in Kaplan’s view a tragic society weighted down historically by an “hydraulic civilization” whose tyrannical bureaucracies have brutally mobilized regiments of forced labor and where effective American influence is exerted not by counseling on behalf of multi-party democracy or rooting out corruption but through the huge American appetite for narcotics (drug dealers are now the largest engine of Mexican economic growth).

Kaplan spends several chapters describing his travels back and forth across the border—a line he believes to be arbitrary and in the process of dissolution, as Mexico moves north and melds inexorably with Texas and the Southwest. Even as he makes pronouncements concerning the arbitrariness of borders, however, Kaplan provides contradictory evidence of his own. Take, for instance, Nogales, Arizona: a Mexican-American town in recession because of the weak economy south of the border. Yet much of the style of its Spanish-speaking residents—the way they talk, their gaits, their habits as office workers—is distinctly American. The second- and third-generation townspeople advocate the continued maintenance of the international border and have kind words for Pat Buchanan and Ross Perot. Says one whose great-uncle rode with Pancho Villa, “We don’t want an open border where all of Mexico’s problems come here.”

Still, the line between the United States and Mexico has blurred, while interior barriers within America have become more distinct. The most depressing part of Kaplan’s narrative is his description of the contemporary American

An Empire Wilderness: Travels Into America’s Future

“The continued existence of the United States should never be taken for granted. Democratic Athens led its allies in the victorious wars against Persia only to inherit a far-flung maritime empire that later crumbled as Athens gradually faded from history, leaving a vacuum eventually filled by the rise of Alexander’s empire. In the wake of Rome’s decline came the tribal configurations from which modern European states emerged. America’s decline would leave a vacuum every bit as large as that left by Greece or Rome—to which America has often been compared—with immeasurable consequences for the human race. But this book is not about the decline of the United States; it is about its transformation.”

—Robert D. Kaplan

rootless—white members, generally, of what was once the working or lower middle class. Watching these people hypnotically pouring coins into a slot machine on a Mississippi gambling barge, an Army major comments ironically, “And we risk our lives for this.” In Tucson, a Navajo cable TV installer talks about his trailer-park customers who live in homes with no furniture, no food besides chips and beer, no sign of friends or relatives. TV, he says, “is the whole existence for a new class of silent people.” Riding a Greyhound bus from Albuquerque to Amarillo, Texas, Kaplan is appalled by his fellow passengers: freaks in sweatpants and baseball caps, single mothers shepherding children with punk haircuts, no one conversing or reading. Never, he avers, whether in Yugoslavia or Mexico or Africa, has he traveled in a more rootless or unstable

crowd. At the trip’s end, he takes a taxi from the bus terminal to the Amarillo airport—and crosses “the real border, back into middle class America.”

The most cheerful destination in Kaplan’s North American journey is “Cascadia”—Vancouver, Canada, Portland, and Seattle, the cities of the Pacific Northwest. Here, there is money, high-tech talent, plenty of natural beauty, and the kind of people who appreciate it. The ethnic mix, especially in Vancouver, is white and Asian, more particularly Anglo-Saxon and Chinese—a cultural mix Kaplan extols as “the most potent in the history of capitalism.” Here, finally, in a sea of people having in common a lack of connection to the American past, Kaplan finds the most hope for America. “People would fight for this,” he says of Vancouver—its mild cosmopolitanism,

its ordered grid of streets, its blend of British planning and ecological consciousness. From here, he can see not only to the end of the American nation but beyond it to the rise of a shimmering bourgeois city-state; like Henry Adams contemplating the end of the American empire a century ago, he finds the thought “in no way unpleasant.” However, there are difficulties here, both practical and moral. Kaplan seems aware that no region long survives without inspiring loyalties and a sense of civic virtue. But if the only portion of the United States capable of generating a sense of loyalty is the wealthy Northwest, where does that leave the rest of the country? If the greater American nation-state which supports “Cascadia”—as a market for its products, a guarantor of military security, and a barrier to uncontrolled immigration—were to splinter or collapse, Cascadia’s most-favored quality of life would not endure very long.

Globalization, the intractability of black poverty, the shrinking of the middle class, the erosion of democratic debate and practice, the Mexicanization of the Southwest, multiculturalism at both the high and the low end of society—these are grand themes for a travel book to bear, and Kaplan carries them beautifully. Still, there are moments when his semi-detached, above-the-battle perspective becomes exasperating: What would be wrong in acknowledging more explicitly that the collapse of the historical American nation-state would be an unmitigated disaster for tens of millions of people? It isn’t really enough to reply that the kind of change the West is undergoing is a tectonic shift, beyond the influence of political choice. If it is not inevitable that the inner cities should be overtaken by crime, neither should it be that the wages of working Americans stagnate nor that the border dissolve into nothingness. The hollowing-out of America’s once-broad middle class—rightly seen by Kaplan as a threat to the continued practice of democracy—is in great part a result of policies formulated in Washington; different policies could reverse or mitigate it. To argue such points would probably require a far more heavy-handed and contentious book than the one Kaplan has written. But it takes away nothing from this deeply intelligent and smoothly engaging work to hope that such a book makes a dramatic appearance soon.

An Empire Wilderness: Travels Into America’s Future

“During the period of western expansion we were an American empire long before we were a unified Atlantic-to-Pacific country. What [Daniel] Kemmis [former mayor of Missoula, Montana] was suggesting, it seemed to me, is that we might eventually revert to being an empire once more: a subtle, ambiguous one of geographically determined, loosely connected posturban forms; a dry-land version of city-state Greece, in which ruthless economic competition replaces ancient wars. The phrase ‘an empire wilderness’ from Hart Crane’s poem of 1930, ‘The Bridge,’ occurred to me as a way of describing this new political arrangement. Rather than rule these urban units, Washington, D.C., would, in effect, provide a protective shield against such hazards as global terrorists and computer hackers and supply aid such as specialized military units for floods and earthquakes. And as this transformation toward a system of mere imperial oversight proceeds, late-twentieth-century debates between Washington and the fifty states will become increasingly irrelevant.

“James Madison . . . envisioned the settlement of the whole continental United States, but he did not foresee a modern transportation network that would allow Americans to inhabit one national community psychologically. His vision of our political future was of an enormous geographical space with governance but without patriotism, in which the federal government would be a mere ‘umpire,’ refereeing competing interests. The concept went untested because a uniquely American identity and culture did take root. But as Americans enter a global community driven, in part, by gigantic corporations, many of which are based in—but not necessarily loyal to—America, and as class and racial divisions within our borders prove intractable, Madison’s concept may become relevant.”

—Robert D. Kaplan

Present at the Deconstruction

by Paul Gottfried

Acheson: The Secretary of State Who Created the American World

by James Chace

New York: Simon and Schuster;
512 pp., \$33.00



James Chace's biography of Dean Acheson is a generally interesting book dealing with a provocative figure. What makes it less than engrossing is the predictability of Chace's left-liberal judgments. Because of his pervasive bias, he never surprises: Republicans in the 1920's were heartless plutocrats and dim-witted isolationists, against the working man and for tariffs. Never mind the facts: e.g., that tariffs usually enjoyed bipartisan support in Congress; that Hoover and other Progressive Republicans championed collective bargaining and public works programs; and that Republican administrations, far from being isolationist, were feverishly negotiating disarmament treaties and lavishing "loans" upon foreign governments. Chace, who invariably regards relations with communist governments as problematic, unqualifiedly defends Wilson's and Franklin Roosevelt's wars for democracy, while his unflattering comments about "Japanese warlords" and the Third Reich are never matched in verbal intensity by his assessment of communist tyranny.

Finally, his portraits of conservative Republican leaders—in particular, Robert Taft—are both patronizing and contradictory. Though Chace accurately describes Taft as "humorless in debate but well informed, hardheaded, and determined to curb America's involvement in a world beyond its control," he does not concede any truth to that outspoken conservative, casting him as an "isolationist" even as the senator insists that his differences with the Democratic admin-

istration are over the appropriate military aid to be given during the Cold War. Taft's opposition in 1951 to the Plevan Plan, for an integrated Euro-American defense force that led to the formation of NATO, was not based on a "Fortress America" mentality; it exemplified Taft's concern that the United States might maintain a large land force in Europe indefinitely, thus enhancing consolidated executive power and hardening war-time socialism into a permanent condition. Taft also believed, correctly, that Western Europe had the capability of creating its own defense force, provided the United States furnished air and naval support. He did not oppose an integrated Western European force but saw no compelling reason to have Washington run it. And, contrary to Chace's misstatement, Taft did vote for the Marshall Plan, in its final draft.

Taft was wrong, and Acheson right, however, about the extent of American intervention on the side of Nationalist China. Taft's willingness to throw discretion—and his own principles—to the wind in defense of Chiang Kai-shek's government against a popular communist insurgency demonstrated the power of the China lobby over post-war congressional Republicans. On this point, Chace is right to scold Taft and his Republican senatorial colleagues, though Taft did not advocate the commitment of American land forces in the China conflict, as Chace suggests. Indeed, it might be argued that, as a Western country culturally and geographically, the United States had far more to lose from seeing Europe engulfed by communism than it did by the fall of China to indigent communists.

The son of the Episcopal bishop of Connecticut and a descendant of both British Unionist Canadian and Ulster Loyalist families, Acheson mixed easily with English aristocrats. In his demeanor, appearance, and speech, he epitomized patrician elegance and gained affection and respect from Konrad Adenauer, Anthony Eden, and other anti-communist European statesmen. In his set-tos with the even more illustriously connected Taft (the son of a president and grandson of Grant's secretary of

war and attorney general), Acheson was more eloquent and had far greater presence than his opponent. Though less distinguished as an undergraduate at Yale, the glib Acheson made Taft look insufferably pedantic when he debated with him before the Senate Policy Committee.

Nonetheless, the American right had good reason to distrust Acheson, however much in retrospect one may approve of his general record as Truman's secretary of state. His political career, from the time he clerked for Justice Louis Brandeis through his enthusiastic association with the New Deal, indicated what seemed at times a reckless support for organized labor. Acheson was also conspicuously pro-British, even for a WASP patrician. As a charter member of the Century Group and the Committee to Defend America—both interventionist associations formed in 1940—and as a close friend of leading politicians in Canada and England, Acheson was thought to be connected to British intelligence. (This may in fact have been the case, as the historian Thomas Mahl suggests in *Desperate Deception*, a history of British intelligence operations in the United States.) Even more significantly, Acheson had long-standing personal and professional contacts with two figures then and now widely believed (though not by Chace) to be communist spies, Harry Dexter White and Alger Hiss. Shortly before his appointment as secretary of state in January 1949, Acheson helped Hiss draft a statement to be read before the House Un-American Activities Committee; later he did more than friendship required not to repudiate Hiss, claiming that the case had been concocted by anti-Truman Republicans despite the super-abundant evidence linking the Baltimore socialite to communist espionage. Because of Acheson's obstinacy, even Truman's most dependable Republican ally in the Senate, Arthur Vandenberg, expressed his distaste for voting to confirm the new secretary of state.

Such circumstances, *pace* Chace, must be taken into account in attempting to understand why decent and usually principled Americans, like Robert

Taft, harbored reservations about Acheson. Unlike Chace, they did not consider him a “pragmatist” or a “realist” but someone who carried compromising baggage. Like Chace, I admire Acheson’s diplomatic skills, but I believe that the baggage was real. Though Acheson was clearly more engaging than the dough-faced Taft, the senator from Ohio was by far the greater defender of constitutional government, and may have been the better patriot as well.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, and the author, most recently, of After Liberalism: Mass Democracy in the Managerial State (Princeton).

In Our Own Image by George McCartney

The Human Christ: The Search for the Historical Jesus

by Charlotte Allen
New York: The Free Press;
383 pp., \$26.00



Reading Charlotte Allen’s study, *The Human Christ: The Search for the Historical Jesus*, I was reminded of *King of Kings*, the Technicolor treatment of the New Testament I saw with some friends when it opened in 1961. On screen, Jesus turned out to be blue-eyed, square-jawed, and indisputably Californian. This was worth a smile. But it got better. When this poster-boy savior was finally stretched for the nailing, he displayed armpits remarkably innocent of hair. We were quite moved, as I recall. In fact, the balcony so shook with our laughter that people in the orchestra felt obliged to hiss our reckless impiety. I cannot blame them: It was a time when good citizens still wanted to trust popular culture.

Why do I mention this? Because in its small way it confirms Allen’s thesis: Images of Jesus all too often say more about the people making them than about the Savior. This is not exactly revelation, of course. What makes Allen’s book worth attention is her demonstration that this

theological narcissism afflicts not only Hollywood vulgarians but serious intellectuals and scholars as well. She argues persuasively and, I might add, very amusingly that many of those who most pride themselves on being rigorously scientific in their pursuit of the historical Jesus are nothing of the sort. They too have shorn His underarms, albeit in the cause of ideological purity rather than wide-screen hygiene. “The deists,” Allen contends, “found a deist, the Romantics a Romantic, the existentialists an existentialist, and the liberationists a Jesus of class struggle.”

Although Allen says her purpose is to trace “the way in which the image of Jesus has functioned as a vehicle for some of the best and worst ideas of Western civilization over the last 2000 years,” her focus is primarily on the past 300. She quickly—perhaps a little too quickly for the uninitiated—surveys the period from first-century Palestine to the reign of Constantine, touching on the theological wrangles over Jesus’s nature—divine, human, or some sort of amalgam. Heresy was in the air as bishops freely hurled anathemas (and worse) at one another. As orthodoxy battled orthodoxy, the less scholarly faithful were no doubt happy to cling to the hope that a Galilean carpenter had somehow built them an escape hatch from history’s nightmare.

It is not until Allen reaches the 18th century, however, that she settles down to her real business. This is when the deists began to debunk the Jesus of organized religion. What interests her about these debunkers is how many sought to rescue what they conceived to be the real Jesus from the distortions of institutional Christianity. Rousseau, Kant, and Jefferson, among other Enlightenment thinkers, wanted to “make Jesus presentable to the modern age.” They thought they could do this “by clothing him in philosophical garments.” Jefferson came up with a simple expedient. He edited the New Testament, tearing out all its offensive supernatural claims. The result, according to Allen, was a pale version of his own democratic wishfulness.

Then, in the 19th century, the demythologizers went to work. Applying sophisticated textual analysis to the Bible, German scholars also sought to rescue Jesus, turning Him into “a moral hero . . . who preached a noble 19th-century ethic.” Taking this formula a step

further, Hegel argued that Christ was not an individual man at all but rather “the symbolic embodiment of a moment in history in which mankind was made conscious of its unity with God.” When it comes to the abstract, you cannot do better than German philosophy.

In France, of course, the search for the historical Jesus turned from the ethereal to the carnal. In his *Life of Jesus* (1864), Ernest Renan, an erstwhile seminarian, projected his own erotic longings onto his subject. Fastening on Mary Magdalene’s few fleeting appearances in the Gospels, he gave Jesus’s story all the urgency of unrequited passion that was to prove irresistible to filmmakers. In Cecil B. DeMille’s 1927 *The King of Kings*, Magdalene becomes a first-century groupie desperate to seduce an aloof matinee idol who goes by the name of Jesus. Allen argues that Renan’s Christ led not only to DeMille’s vulgarity but also to many other embarrassments, such as Oscar Wilde’s identification of Christ with his own aestheticism. (“Those whom he saved from their sins are saved simply for beautiful moments in their lives,” he wrote hopefully in *De Profundis*.) Finally, 20th-century theologian Rudolf Bultmann had had enough, declaring in 1941 that it was quite impossible to use electricity and believe in the supernatural. (I find this reasoning odd, having always thought of electricity as one of the clearer indications of the supernatural.) It followed that any attempt to reconcile the historical with the divine Jesus was quite pointless; instead, we must commit ourselves to the Christ of faith alone, a bloodless, fleshless ideal that would somehow make us better people.

Today, fashionable theologians continue to appropriate Jesus to their own uses. For some, He is a sandalled 60’s hippie; for others, a Marxist revolutionary. An African-American theologian has concluded that “Christ is black because he is oppressed, and oppressed because he is black.” A feminist theologian of some distinction has dismissed the Crucifixion on “the anti-patriarchal grounds that the doctrine of atonement amounts to divine child abuse.” Another feminist is willing to grant the Crucifixion its place in history as long as she can re-imagine Jesus on the Cross as “a woman suffering from menstrual cramps.”

In all these permutations, Allen detects the same need: We want a Christ we can be comfortable with. She points

out that 19th-century European scholars who scoured the Holy Land for traces of the historical Jesus were appalled by its crowds, dirt, noise, and smell. Its residents seemed hopelessly uncouth and unwashed. No doubt the hair under their arms was plentiful and, at times, rank. How could this comport with their image of Jesus? So the hygienic Europeans set about rescuing their Savior from the grime and stench of people improvident enough not to retain servants to draw their baths, and, in the process, scrubbed away Jesus's Levantine identity.

Allen finds another kind of sanitizing taking place in our own time. Many of the more fashionable American theologians, especially those of the popular Jesus Seminar, have carefully cleansed all miraculous references from their image of Christ. Why? Allen speculates that some may be embarrassed by their fundamentalist roots. Having left the Bible Belt behind, they now associate "eschatology with snake-handling and polyester blends." Furthermore, they fear that placing "apocalyptic sayings into Jesus's mouth supports the political goals of the Christian Coalition." So they have created a secular Jesus congenial with their feel-good liberal agenda, one who carefully avoids facing inconvenient questions about abortion, euthanasia, Heaven, and Hell.

Allen's chiding of the Jesus-questers is, on the whole, gentle. Yes, people get it wrong. But is this surprising? Jesus—if we are permitted to believe the words He is given in the Gospels—said so Himself. I, for one, cannot help imagining Him amused by our attempt to pin Him down. Whether it is a televangelist presuming to speak in His name or a secularist confidently putting Him in some historical nook, He calmly remains Himself, quite in touch with us, however out of touch we are with Him. And, certainly, in touch with the ineffable mystery of our existence. This is how I interpret Allen's insistence on Jesus's otherness. She applauds recent efforts by Jewish and Christian scholars to recover the man who was a first-century Palestinian Jew growing up in a polyglot region that was at once fully Hebraic and Hellenic and profoundly different from our own. Clearly, Allen wants to smash the Jesus vanity mirror. But she walks carefully here. Rather than force the issue, she allows us to draw our own conclusions.

The greatest value of her book is the

question it leaves eloquently unspoken. In the full etymological sense of the word, it is a crucial one: Are we here to find Jesus in ourselves, or to find ourselves in Jesus? The first choice leads to a warm, cozy self-approval. The second risks shattering all we know of earthly comfort to serve a Truth that transcends history.

George McCartney teaches English at St. John's University.

The Source

by Thomas Fleming

Water Distribution in Ancient Rome: The Evidence of Frontinus

by Harry B. Evans
Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press;
168 pp., \$27.95



Few patriotic odes are written to the water commissioners of great cities, but civilization rests in part upon a regular supply of water for drinking and agriculture. The rise of Rome can, in fact, be charted by the development of its system of water distribution. Down to the late fourth century B.C., Romans relied upon their springs and wells, as well as on the waters of the tawny Tiber, but by 312, the first aqueduct—the Appia—was constructed by Appius Claudius Caecus, the famous censor who also arranged for the construction of the Appian Way.

As Rome grew, her increasing needs for water were met by a series of improved aqueducts, the most famous of them being the Marcia, which supplied clean potable water to large sections of the city. Although Alexander Severus brought a water line into the city to supply the public baths he renovated, the last great aqueduct, the Trajana, bears the name of the Emperor Trajan, who completed its construction in A.D. 109. It was under Trajan's immediate predecessor, Nerva, that Sextus Frontinus, the *curator aquarum*, wrote the only important treatise on the Roman water supply.

While there have been many scholarly treatments of Roman aqueducts, discussions of water distribution within the city are much rarer, and Harry B. Evans,

a professor of classics at Fordham, has provided an accurate and accessible account of a topic that has been of little interest to general readers as well as to most classical scholars. Nonetheless, anyone who has strolled through the streets of Rome and spotted, here and there, the ruins of the ancient system will want to take a look at Professor Evans' monograph, if only for the plates. Topography is, I must confess, a subject farther beyond my reach than theoretical physics, and I am grateful to any scholar who can make coherent sense of any aspect of ancient Rome.

If Rome's increase in power and population can be traced in the ruins of its aqueducts and pipes and holding tanks, her final collapse came during the sixth century when, as Professor Evans observes in his conclusion, the aqueducts were still functional but the Gothic ruler Vitigis

during the Gothic siege cut their channels outside Rome and Belisarius [Justinian's general] blocked the conduits to prevent use of them as a means of infiltration.

This forced the remaining population into low-lying areas closer to the river and prompted the development of medieval Rome in the Campus Martius.

Cut off from sources of clean drinking water, Rome slumbered on for a thousand years, and even the treasures of the Renaissance popes could not make the city safe for human habitation. It is the same story with most aspects of our civilization. Modern Europe only began to catch up with the ancient world at some time in the 18th century, but by then the rot had already set in. Even safe drinking water is something that Americans can no longer take completely for granted, whether they are visiting Rome, Italy, or Rockford, Illinois.

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles and the president of The Rockford Institute.

**FOR BACK ISSUES, CALL
1-800-877-5459**

Letter From Australia

by R.J. Stove

Australia's Pat Buchanan: Out, But Not Down



If 1998 is remembered in Australian political history for nothing else—a probable assumption, given the administrative gridlock which otherwise prevailed—it will go down in the annals for two events: Prime Minister John Howard's upset reelection on October 3; and, of longer-term significance, Pauline Hanson's failure to retain her parliamentary seat. This latter development eliminated the last few semantic distinctions between vultures and political commentators, whether in Australia or abroad (British and Asian newspaper coverage of the election result was devoted to almost nothing else). Saying the last rites for Mrs. Hanson or for her One Nation party, however, will prove as reckless as were these same commentators' assurances six months ago of her absolute invincibility.

What she has already achieved is formidable. At Queensland's state election on June 13, One Nation won 11 parliamentary seats (from a total of 89) and 23 percent of the popular vote. The woman whose star had so completely faded by early 1998 that she seemed merely "to point a moral or adorn a tale" for journalists on an exceptionally dull Tuesday afternoon—in fact, on June 13 she did not even stand as a candidate—returned, to constitute the stuff of the chattering classes' nightmares. Even she failed to predict her troops' success. (As one subsequently disenchanted party member told reporters, One Nation had been devoting most of its resources not to the state poll but to the imminent federal Senate campaign: "We [the state election candidates] were just cannon-fodder.") The humiliation of Mr. Howard's party colleagues by the electorate on that occasion indicated that the chief threat Mrs. Hanson posed was to the Liberal-National Coalition. Queensland's Na-

tional Party leader Rob Borbidge insisted that—despite the special loathing in which One Nation held him because of his acquiescence in Mr. Howard's 1996 anti-gun laws—he could safely ignore such One Nation bumper-stickers as "Shooters Put National Liars Last." This was the biggest mistake of Mr. Borbidge's life. Before June 13, he was Queensland's premier. He is now Queensland's former premier. ("Put[ting] National Liars Last" refers to Australia's bizarre preferential suffrage system, which requires each voter to rank *all* candidates in his state or federal electorate by writing the digits 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., beside the candidates' names on the ballot paper.) For days after the election, in which his Liberal-National team had been savaged, Mr. Borbidge tried cobbling together an alliance that would grant to One Nation most of what it wanted, while keeping the opposition Labor Party out of power. He failed, and Labor's Peter Beattie—who, unlike Mr. Borbidge, had maintained before votes were cast that in no circumstances would he give One Nation coalition-partner status—now occupies the premiership, controlling Queensland's unicameral legislature with an independent parliamentarian's conditional support.

Two quotations summarize the situation after Mrs. Hanson's Queensland triumph. One comes from the lady herself, milling around the tally-room floor as the nation's cameras captured her delight at the outcome: Asked how she accounted for this success, she assured the Fourth Estate, "You just weren't listening." The other great phrase comes from a Brisbane-based, newly recruited One Nation supporter, explaining to the *Sydney Morning Herald* on June 12 the epiphany which had steeled him to vote for Pauline rather than for the prime minister's associates: "I saw a politician's lips move," he said, "and they weren't talking bulls-t."

By law, there did not have to be an Australian federal election before March 1999; but after June 13, Mr. Howard could not have been thrust more obviously or desperately into electioneering mode—even if he were being preceded by a gaggle of drum majorettes. Nor could he have looked more like a loser.

Whenever he obeyed his natural instincts of ignoring Mrs. Hanson, in the belief that she would wither once denied what Margaret Thatcher called "the oxygen of publicity," he was assailed by colleagues as well as the mass media for not demonstrating "leadership." Whenever he worked himself up into a denunciation of Mrs. Hanson, his efforts were condemned as being too little, too late. The dissipation of electoral and moral authority which it took Malcolm Fraser (who served as prime minister from 1975-1983) five years to achieve, Mr. Howard effected in two. In mid-1997, it was still possible to view Mr. Howard as the contemporary counterpart to Mr. Fraser after the latter's 1980 near-defeat: on the ropes, true, yet not on the canvas, and perfectly capable of landing an uppercut upon an insufficiently deferential referee's jaw. After the Queensland election result, however, the obvious comparison was with Gough Whitlam's last shambolic months of office, during 1975, when the only question seriously concerning his intimates was how completely his government would be defeated. But at least Mr. Whitlam had managed to notch up two (narrow) electoral successes before his teeth hit the sidewalk. Mr. Howard looked set to become the first prime minister in almost 70 years to lose office after a single term. Moreover, the last figure to suffer this indignity, James Scullin in 1931, had—by Howard standards—a positively Rasputin-like survival instinct: He forfeited power only because a third of his Labor Party parliamentarians bolted to the opposition. No such schism extenuated Mr. Howard's ineffectuality.

To the damage inflicted upon him by Mrs. Hanson, Mr. Howard appeared determined to add a cyanide cocktail of his very own devising: his insistence that, if re-elected, he and federal Treasurer Peter Costello would implement a ten percent across-the-board consumption tax. This occurred despite his answer in 1996 to the question of whether a consumption tax was back on his agenda: "Never, ever, ever." The last Australian party official before Mr. Howard to advocate comprehensively taxing goods and services was Dr. John Hewson, a former Liberal Party leader. In the 1993 elec-

tion, Dr. Hewson lumbered himself with the promise of just such a tax, and was trounced by incumbent Paul Keating. To Kim Beazley, who has led the Labor Party since Mr. Keating's landslide defeat in March 1996, the Howard-Costello fixation upon conjuring up extra taxes was a godsend. Not that Mr. Beazley's team had a conspicuous alternative on display; but then the Vision Thing's absence neither disturbed Mr. Beazley nor antagonized his supporters, most of whom have understandably reckoned since Labor's 1996 debacle that the Vision Thing was what finished Mr. Keating off. Mr. Beazley owes his very existence as opposition leader to the fact that more ideologically driven candidates lost their parliamentary seats in 1996, or else—in the case of former Foreign Minister Gareth Evans—remained stranded in the Senate. (Though no legislation exists to prevent a senator from leading the Liberal or Labor Parties, convention has forbidden it. The last senator to lead either party was the Liberals' Sir John Gorton, who attained the prime ministry in 1968.) By the time Mr. Evans quit the Senate and hustled into the House of Representatives, he was in no position to challenge Mr. Beazley no matter how much he might have wanted to. Given the apparent Howard-Costello death wish, and the absence of a serious challenge from within his own party's ranks, all Mr. Beazley needed to do was to do "nothing in particular," and he "did it very well."

Ultimately, even doing nothing did not quite suffice to propel his globose frame over the finish line first. On every issue except tax reform, the Howard Cabinet was already carrying out whatever Labor wanted, and more. A visitor to Australia, if forced to endure government spokesmen's utterances, would conclude that Labor still ruled. The criminalization of gun-owners is enthusiastically defended; the babbling about the twin glories of multiculturalism and mass immigration continues; a renewed high-sounding, \$185-million War on Drugs is waged, whatever cognitive dissonances occur between this policy and an unlimited intake of Asians; the endless provision—and, where necessary, judicial invention—of aboriginal "land rights" is still upheld, with not the faintest understanding that the aboriginal problem is primarily a medical rather than a legal or real-estate matter, and that any "aboriginal policy" which refuses to

concentrate upon weaning aborigines from alcohol is a cruel hoax. Moreover, Labor and the Liberals had made an electoral pact by which every One Nation candidate would be placed last on each party's voting ticket. In this, they benefited from aid by the left-wing Australian Democrats, represented in the Senate ever since its foundation in 1977 upon a policy platform that included, among other novel delights, legalizing bestiality. In October 1997, the Democrats had suffered a humiliating blow in the defection of their charismatic if meretricious leader, Cheryl Kernot, to Labor. Nevertheless, under Mrs. Kernot's successor, Meg Lees, they overcame this tribulation, especially after Mrs. Lees distracted her party's attention from tax issues (on which it was divided) to emphasizing Mrs. Hanson's boundless satanism (on which it was entirely united).

With Laborites, Liberals, the Democrats, and a new ethnic lobby called "Unity: Say No To Hanson" having formed an anti-One-Nation Popular Front, with only a handful of Nationals opposing this front (and with even those Nationals acting primarily through fear of a pro-Hanson rural backlash), the federal election could never be the pushover for One Nation that the Queensland poll had been. Particular attention fell upon Mrs. Hanson's own Queensland electorate of Blair, less demographically sympathetic to her appeal than was her original seat of Oxley. Her door-knocking campaigns proved a disappointment, adding to the problems she had already incurred from the dismissal of her confidante, Barbara Hazelton, in June. Mrs. Hazelton had spectacularly fallen out with Mrs. Hanson's friend, and alleged Svengali, David Oldfield, who had helped restructure One Nation to ensure unchallenged rule of the party by a triumvirate consisting of Mr. Oldfield, Mrs. Hanson, and Brisbane businessman David Ettridge. This led to protests by the party's rank-and-file against so "undemocratic" an arrangement, though it was uncertain how One Nation could prosper as merely one more social club for believers in the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, self-declared UFO kidnap victims, conspiracy theorists aflame with news of the Pope invading Sydney Harbor in a submarine, and other such heterodox scholars already over-represented in One Nation's membership.

So when the election results began trickling in on the evening of October 3, certain factors were predictable, even if Mr. Howard's own success was not. Mrs. Hanson did badly in Blair, and within days, she had conceded defeat. Less predictably, Mr. Oldfield's bid for a Senate position had been thwarted by preferences from the Democrats as well as from the three biggest parties. (Parties' official preference decisions play, if anything, a stronger part in the Senate's composition than in that of the House of Representatives. Only six percent of the Australian electorate bothers, when filling out a Senate ballot form, to indicate preferences at all. The other 94 percent merely mark one box to indicate one party.) Heather Hill, the One Nation candidate whose failure to gain a state seat had been among the Queensland election's surprises, succeeded in entering the Senate; but after the party's long-standing dreams of obtaining enough Senate strength to block or geld whatever pro-immigration, pro-multiculturalism, and pro-U.N. bills the House of Representatives served up, it was a singularly discouraging performance.

While Labor won more than half of the popular vote, it wasted most of its ballot-box success by scoring big swings in seats which it already controlled, rather than by prizing away marginal seats which it needed to acquire. This disparity enabled Mr. Howard to astonish himself and almost everyone else by clinging to office, with a majority that at first was predicted to be only five seats, but later emerged as 12. Labor offset its gains in Western Australia (Mr. Beazley's home state), Tasmania, Queensland, and South Australia by its failure to make a significant impact in Victoria and, in particular, New South Wales. Gareth Evans, himself from Victoria, greeted this loss with the announcement that, rather than endure another period in opposition, he would leave Parliament and, as he elegantly put it, "get a life." Only the public outcry at the \$2.4 million retirement package to which Mr. Evans would thereby entitle himself, however much he earned subsequently in the private sector, made him relent.

Meanwhile, amid Mr. Howard's euphoria—he now hyperventilates about having been supplied with a "mandate" for his tax reform, much as a death-row inmate handed the governor's pardon might suppose himself immortal—and Mr. Beazley's appropriate confidence of

winning the next election in 2001, One Nation retains the status it had before October 3: as the only parliamentary vehicle left for mobilizing Middle Australian Radicals. In this respect, the recent poll changed nothing. Those commentators who imagine that One Nation without Mrs. Hanson will resemble a headless chicken fail to comprehend the simple statistic which drove the *Economist*, in its October 10-16 issue, to squeaks of editorial horror: Of the 12 million Australians who cast their ballots in October, one million voted for Hanson-endorsed candidates. Despite daily abuse of their beliefs in radio and television bulletins, despite Labor-Liberal sweetheart deals for which no one ever had an opportunity to vote, one million Australians still wanted "a choice, not an echo."

The brutal truth of what this means to the big parties—the National Party above all—was acerbically expressed by Bill Gossage, a farmer of western New South Wales who recently emerged as a Hansonite after having campaigned for decades on the Nationals' behalf. In the *Sydney Morning Herald* on July 1, Mr. Gossage excoriated Primary Industry Minister John Anderson, within whose electorate he lives. "People in the bush," he observed,

are angrier [with Anderson and his fellow Nationals] than they ever were with Labor. This is because in the minds of bush voters Labor was always expected to be the bad-die. . . . When I went to see Anderson to complain about the guns issue, he asked me: "Who else would you vote for?" By Christ, he wouldn't ask us that now.

R.J. Stove writes from Sydney, where he edits the subscription-based Internet magazine Codex (www.codexmag.com.au).



Letter From Germany by Josef Schüsslburner

What Kohl Mined



The recent German federal election brought the remarkable defeat of Chancellor Helmut Kohl and his party, the Christian Democratic Union (CDU), and the establishment of the most left-wing parliament and government in the 50-year history of the Federal Republic of Germany. The drag of incumbency—Kohl had spent 16 years in office—does not provide the essential explanation of this smashing defeat: Minister President Rau of North Rhine-Westphalia, the most populous state, has had a 24-year tenure and is likely to succeed Mr. Herzog as the federal president next year.

To be sure, Kohl has been the best German chancellor "the world"—i.e., the United States, United Nations, and NATO—has ever seen. His major devotion was to *Europe*: originally a typical CDU concept that provided a substitute for the lost *Reich*, this idea has been perverted in the whole of Europe, especially after the collapse of the Soviet Union, into an expression of the internationalism with which Chancellor Kohl was increasingly associated. For the sake of this "Europe," Kohl was willing to abandon his country's own currency in opposition to a clear-cut majority of the German electorate. Kohl's defeat is the final result of the increasing gulf between his Eurocratic agenda and the interests and conviction of his usual constituents.

Since the opposition parties, including the victorious Social Democrats (SPD), did not oppose the introduction of the euro, one might dispute an explanation that bestows too much importance on the issue of the abolition of the deutschemark. The problem is that the only parties that openly opposed the euro were on the right. Germans are well aware that every right-wing party, if close to meeting the five-percent threshold required for parliamentary representation, is considered by the "international community" as Hitler's heir apparent. (Although Hitler never regarded himself as

a "right-wing" politician, the ideological control agencies of the American occupation forces in Germany, advised by their communist experts, decided otherwise.)

Kohl's left-centrist regime relegitimized the radical left, subjected right-wing parties to secret-service observation and manipulation, disciplined civil servants with known right-wing convictions, and persecuted those who expressed "wrong thoughts" about immigrants, immigration policy, or the holocaust. A recent French study charged Germany with greater political persecution than in the final period of communist East Germany—yet unlike in the dubious case of the Scientologists, zealous human-rights activists have remained silent. Mindful of the squeeze put on (largely German-speaking) Switzerland, many Germans were unwilling to put their economic well-being, already endangered by nearly 30 years of liberal budgetary policy, at risk by voting their real convictions, which would have invited a round of German-bashing in the United States and in those areas that are considered the "world community."

In contrast to Kohl, the candidate of the SPD, Gerhard Schröder, indicated a lack of enthusiasm for the euro, although it was quite clear that, at this late date, the "international community" would not permit the scrapping of the new currency. Having no other choice due to the international *Einbindung* (one of Kohl's favorite terms with respect to Europe, meaning something like "incorporation with fetters"), the Germans, not effectively allowed to vote for the right, decided to punish the man who made the euro "irreversible": Chancellor Kohl.

German voters were attracted decisively by a very cunning move by challenger Schröder: He hired a German Jew who resides in New York as his cultural affairs manager. Being Jewish, Mr. Michael Naumann was allowed to announce that he opposed the elaborate holocaust memorial that Kohl desired to erect in the center of Berlin. In response, Kohl made the mistake of stating that forsaking that project would be resolutely opposed by the (American) "East Coast," not usually a constituency for a German politician. The prospect (not at all a pledge) that Schröder's victory would avert perpetual redemption payments by Germans contributed more than anything else to Kohl's election defeat, overriding all the objections that

would have resulted, under normal circumstances, in a crushing defeat of the challenger.

Kohl's political legacy appears minor. George Bush, not Kohl, is the father of German unification, and Bush succeeded despite the opposition of European "friends" like France and Britain. Fortunately for Kohl, the dying Soviet Union was not strong enough to demand, as a price for her approval of German unification, German termination of the treaties establishing NATO and the European Union. Had the Soviet Union remained powerful, Germans are not sure which option Kohl would have chosen: German unification or Europe, NATO, and the United States. This uncertainty explains why Kohl will never be regarded as a second Bismarck.

Of this one can be sure: Unless the grim economic truth underlying the budget deficits compels otherwise, Mr. Schröder will disappoint in the very area in which he would like his success to be measured: the economy, especially the reduction of the unemployment rate. To succeed, he would need to implement a Reaganite reform policy—an impossibility in Germany, with its left-wing parliament and with communists, in coalition with Schröder's SPD, on the way back to power in the state of Western Pomerania and possibly elsewhere. Schröder will be forced by doctrinaire elements of the SPD to pursue an employment policy with the old-guard French Socialists, the very basis of which will be making the euro instrumental for financing the public deficits necessitated by socialist employment policies. The end result may well be a disastrous liberal eurocommunism, for which Kohl's euro project paved the way.

Schröder's inescapable failure, however, will not likely lead to a recovery of the defeated CDU. The centrist CDU may be faced, sooner rather than later, with the fate of its Italian sister party (and the previous French version): virtual extinction, because its right-leaning electorate finally got fed up with the left-wing policy of the party leadership. The CDU leadership stigmatized the right, giving its constituents no other choice than to endorse the party leadership's left-wing agenda. To break free of this political and ideological trap, many German voters cast ballots for the left directly, and not indirectly for a left that pretended to be centrist.

But next time, in the midst of deep

economic crisis, Germans could prefer to vote for parties that promise to terminate both the euro and the looming liberal eurocommunism. The CDU will not be a likely candidate for this job—rather, it may disappear with the evil it has created.

Josef Schüsslburner is a German civil servant who writes from Bonn.

Letter From Florence

by Andrei Navrozov

Papal Soap



The domiciliary organ of the host to which I have now attached myself is the cavernous Renaissance of every spiritual parasite's dreams, most of it still inhabited, in that *Cherry Orchard* kind of way which keeps grand English country houses tottering but not always falling to the National Trust, by the descendants of the Florentine merchant prince who, in 1620, bought what was then the Palazzo Acciaiuoli, designed by Buontalenti shortly before he completed the Palazzo Uffizi. Some years later, the family acquired from the waning Medici the much larger Casino di Parione, which became their principal residence and is today the most important private museum of art in Florence. The lesser palace, however, has a private garden, a Baroque jewel set in box and lemon by Gherardo Silvani, where I can stroll, pick persimmons, and occasionally think of something to say in this letter.

Naive as this may seem to anyone who has made a day trip to Florence or owns an encyclopedia, I do not want to name the princely family. The fig leaves carefully placed, at some sticky historic moment, on all the male statuary in the palace once known as the Casino di Parione, which now bears the family's name, do not diminish the pleasure of the proceeding. There is a hint in this for our times, one which I myself heeded but little in the course of a perversely frank and shamelessly prolonged adoles-

cence. Now I know better. Unfortunately, I'm joking, but anybody within a hundred miles of Machiavelli's tomb will tell you that it is a good policy to keep your trap shut until you get out of town.

Anyway, since then the family has produced a capable fifth-period pope and acquired a first-division medieval saint. The fact that this is Stakhanovite even by local standards is illustrated by the following embittered reminiscence. A few months ago, at a drinks party in London, I ran into an outrageously beautiful girl who had two cardinals and a pope in her family, which I thought, and a Roman friend concurred, was as good as it ever gets. And, merely because of this cruel twist of genealogy, even though Paola Aldobrandini was in town all on her lonely own doing a course in computer science, we felt too timid to ask her to dinner that evening. Thank you, Clement VIII.

Now that I am here in Florence, we do not even count the cardinals, who are like the small change of copper-yellow *chanterelles* in the mossy path of a mushroom picker looking for high-denomination *porcini*. What are you going to find next if you keep on like this, aldermen?! I must say, however, that the socially impartial daughter of the present princess—to whose lares and penates or, more to the point, apartments overlooking the Silvani maze, I am parasitically attached—lets drop with breezy modesty that a pope in the family is always the hard part. Once you've got your pope, she says, he can fix you up with a plausible enough saint, if that's what you really want, or put your escutcheon on top of a grandiose public monument, if this is your line of ambition. She says the reasons for why that should be so are on the whole pretty obvious, and since the dining room where she says it is dominated by the portrait of her very own St. Andrea, by no less persuasively mythopoetic a hand than Guido Reni's, all I can muster by way of reply is a feeble nod followed by a sycophantic chuckle.

The princess gets pretty steamed up on hearing of her daughter's flippancy, or ignorance as she calls it, since the plain fact is that the family saint, who died in 1374 ministering to victims of the plague, was canonized in 1624 by Urban VIII, many years before the family pope was born. The ancestral proverb she quotes as she vents her displeasure is *boni sì, ma santi più* (which may be translated from the language of the epoch as

"Be as good as you like, but let's not have any more of this saints stuff"), referring to the well-documented story that Pope Urban made the family foot the bill for historical research into the life and miracles of their beatified ancestor, an idler, drunkard, wencher, and gambler who became a Carmelite monk and later bishop of Fiesole. Which is already pretty miraculous, if you ask me.

On the other hand, Urban VIII belonged to the Barberini, who, though originally Sienese, enjoyed an equally well-documented association with their Florentine fellow clansmen that eventually resulted in intermarriage. So maybe the young cynic is not so much off the mark, her flippancy buoyed by the realization that, in a single century culminating in their pope's prelacy, whammo (which may be translated from the language of the epoch as *mirabile dictu*), no fewer than three boys in the family grew up to be cardinals. It's who you know, basically.

But I seem to have strayed. These letters of mine, after all, are not so much about the past as about the present. And the daily question I ask myself is why I am taking such personal interest in all this, and why all the back-and-forth between mother and daughter, and all the family crests and relics and lemon trees and paintings and personalities and faces, should be giving me such a thrill. Why should I, a Russian who has spent half of his adult life in England, be suddenly feeling like an American tourist who accidentally got his snout into some fabulous trough of Yurrupeen culcha? Is not my England a nation whose aristocracy is still legally a vital agent of the body politic? It is, unlike republican Italy. Is not my friend Harry descended from the Henrys of Shakespearean history? His country estate is every inch as encyclopedic. And what of my London neighbor, Katarina? Queen Victoria is her ancestor on both her mother's and father's side. Do I preen like an Upper East Side matron, blab nonsense like a Yale student, and chuckle sycophantically like a homosexual decorator when I talk to them, too?

Because on the face of it, as I say, this way of life is no different from what one can easily find in any number of English country houses—of equal, if not greater, antiquity and distinction—and occasionally even in London. The last time I saw Harry, he was buying ice creams for the children from a vendor in the middle of

a trailer park. The first time I saw Katarina, she was cleaning our communal drain dressed in a nightgown and rubber boots. While here, the prince, I have the distinct impression, has grown a beard because there is not enough hot water to shave with in the mornings. Here, the princess is a whirling dervish, fighting wool-eating moths, social-climbing suitors, tax-gouging authorities, and other forms of systemic entropy that threaten the next generation with destitution. Here, old retainers shuffle aimlessly through corridors, ostensibly on their way to mend a curtain or to adjust a fire screen. Here, doors squeak, roofs leak, and letters from Sotheby's lie unopened.

The young prince runs a country estate that produces an excellent Chianti and olive oil: In England, it would be turnips and rapeseed, unless the place made more money as a conference center. One daughter has married and moved to Rome: This would be London, unless it was New York, Paris, or Rome. The other two daughters, who live here, are painters: just what they would be if they were called Somerset, unless they became sculptors or writers. One is married to a Venetian: She would be married to a Venetian if she were English, of course, unless he happened to be Florentine. In short, what is the difference? Why do I chuckle and blab and preen?

The answer comes to me one morning as Lucia, one of the old retainers who has been doing the washing in the family since the merry days of Pius XI, shuffles up to say that we are out of soap. Since the ensuing conversation is revelatory, I record it in its entirety.

LUCIA knocks on the outer door of the study. "Yes?" LUCIA knocks once more on the inner door. "Enter!" Enter LUCIA. She stands by the door, arms by her sides, head slightly bowed.

I: Good morning, Lucia. What is it?

LUCIA (approaching): Good morning, sir. I have spoken to the princess, who has directed me to speak to the lady of your house . . . With whom I already spoke yesterday, but . . . She is not here today, and . . . Will you permit me to speak with you of this matter?

I: Yes, of course. What is the matter?

LUCIA: As you certainly do not know, sir, because you cannot possibly know, although perhaps you do know because it pleases you to acquire knowledge of such matters, I do your family's laundry. This is done by immersing different things, which we call *clothes*—although,

on occasion, these may be bedclothes, such as sheets, or simply towels, such as you would find in the bathrooms here and there, in short, everything made of fabric that is used, and becomes soiled from one day to the next—into a quantity of boiling water with soap.

I: Very well, I understand perfectly. And?

LUCIA (nervously): I have been doing my job for almost two weeks now. . . . I trust to your satisfaction.

I: Of course, of course. But what is the matter?

LUCIA: The soap is finished.

I: All right then, let's buy some! We'll get some more this afternoon. It's the stuff in big square boxes, right? Powder?

LUCIA: Bravo, sir! May I say, sir, well done! How astonishingly well you understand practical issues! And may I add that the lady of your house, divinely beautiful as she is, understands them equally well. And your child is perfectly beautiful also, and of course sharp as a blade . . . That's what we say in the country when we want to describe someone as very, very clever.

I: Thank you very much. It's because we don't own a television and don't send him to school.

LUCIA (gasps): Ah, sir. How true it is what you say! When I was a young girl, I did the washing for the Counts N— and it was the same, always private tutors for the young ones. How courageous you are, and what a pleasure it is for me to be working for a master who is so good.

I: Thank you, Lucia, I promise you we'll get the soap!

LUCIA (retreating): Thank you, sir! And please give my sincerest thanks to the lady of your house when she returns!

I invite readers who may have some doubt as to what makes this exchange so damn revelatory to compare it with a diary entry made ten years ago in *The Journals of Woodrow Wyatt*, just published in England to much scandalous recrimination. The late Lord Wyatt, a vizier to both Mrs. Thatcher and the Queen, recounts an anecdote about the tenth Duke of Marlborough, next to whose granddaughter he finds himself seated at dinner. The thing to listen for here is Wyatt's tone of proletarian incredulity, worthy of *Pravda* in my own grandfather's day:

That was when Bert Marlborough stayed with his daughter in America and came down to breakfast and

said: "There is something wrong with my toothbrush. It didn't foam this morning." It was then established that he was travelling without his valet who always put the toothpaste on the brush for him. It seems that he was unaware that this is what caused the foam in his mouth.

I rest my case. I do not think there's anybody in England—including the oldest retainers in the grandest country houses in the remotest counties who came up to London for the Coronation and have not been back there since—that still talks, acts, and thinks like our Tuscan laundress. And for this reason, even if the aristocracy should legally remain a vital agent of the body politic in England, its eminence is and will always be illusory.

Here it is real, which is why spiritual parasites of every description, from American housewives and homosexual decorators to Chiantishire colonists and itinerant idlers, will chuckle and blab and preen for as long as Lucia's generation is alive. She is what makes the princess a princess, and Italy—Italy.

Andrei Navrozov is Chronicles' European correspondent.

Letter From Inner Israel

by Jacob Neusner

The Vacuity of Jewish Secularism



For nearly the whole of its history, "Israel" defined itself as a religious community, the community of Judaism. To be an Israelite meant to know God through the Torah and to accept the dominion of God's laws set forth therein. No one had problems defining who is a Jew or what it means to be a Jew. But in the age of the Enlightenment and beyond, Jews experimented with the possibility of giving up Judaism but remaining "Jewish" in an ethnic and cultural sense. A wide range

of choices presented themselves, but the main ones in Europe and the United States have involved a Jewish nationality—the Jews are a people, one people, and should form a state, with Hebrew as its secular language—in the form of Zionism; and a Jewish political culture, whereby the Jews form a component of international socialism, conducting their front of the cosmopolitan class struggle in the Yiddish language. People whom John Updike calls "post-Jews" worked out a neutral, non-sectarian, secular bourgeois culture, involving devotion to literature, music, and left-wing politics (radical chic in its extreme form), principally realized by post-Jews among other post-Jews.

Zionism achieved all of its goals, making it the most successful political movement in modern times. In Europe, Jewish socialism joined to Yiddishism perished in the Soviet Union's totalitarian culture, which wrote its own epitaph by murdering the great Yiddish poets in a single night in Stalin's last great atrocity. In the other countries of Eastern Europe, the Jewish socialists died along with everyone else in the holocaust. But what became of Jewish secularism in the United States?

The story of socialism as the post-Jewish medium is embodied in the life of one man, Irving Howe, a Trotskyite, a literary critic of considerable standing, and a major voice in the description of the culture and literature of the Yiddish language. His story, and the story of the ex-Jewish Jews who practiced socialism, in all of its convolutions—Howe was a powerful opponent of American involvement in World War II so long as the Soviets had their pact with the Germans—captures an entire generation in its exodus from Judaism.

In a gem of a book, Edward Alexander tells the story. His *Irving Howe: Socialist, Critic, Jew* (1998) conducts a dialogue between the living and the future, and the dead and the past: between Zionism and affirmative Jewishness and socialism and disdain for the ongoing life of eternal Israel. Alexander finds in Howe much worth remembering and emulating, but plenty worthy of contempt on the part of self-respecting Jews. That is not to suggest this is a polemic or a mere political rant—far from it. It is a masterpiece of academic learning in the service of high culture, a book to be read and appreciated.

Irving Howe exemplifies the New

York Jewish intellectuals of the second generation beyond immigration, but because of his personal gifts, he not only exemplifies his age but also defines it for us and sets the standard by which others of his time are to be assessed. And in this definitive account of a consequential Jew of a certain time, Alexander has shown how the life of a significant intellectual should be written. He identifies what counts, and describes and analyzes that. But Alexander also says what he thinks about the man in his context—and in ours. He underscores the lessons that Howe has left for us, both positive and negative.

Alexander's subtitle bears his message: socialist, critic, Jew. The son of immigrants, Irving Horenstein redefined himself several times. Like many other Jews who became socialists (also communists and New Deal Democrats), he de-judaized himself by changing his name. Like many of his exceptional intelligence, Howe was first a socialist and then a critic. But in the end, he turned out to be a Jew of a certain kind. As a socialist, he took an intensely hostile position on the "special pleading" of the Jews, following the Communist Party line requiring the party faithful to endorse Stalin's alliance with Hitler against "capitalism." Howe's far-left isolationism led him to dismiss or to ignore the German war against the Jews, long after the world knew better. He trivialized and ignored the earlier reports of the holocaust, then well under way, recalling the impatience of other ex-Jews with "your petty Jewish suffering." Had his life ended with the war, Horenstein/Howe would have deserved oblivion.

But two further chapters were yet to be written. In the second, he made himself a premier literary critic of his day. Here he attained the heights of moral authority. In Alexander's words,

Despite his Marxist beginnings, he was contemptuous of schemes for reducing literature and ideas to their supposed determinants in gender, class, and race. Instead, he relentlessly called us back to what Cynthia Ozick has called the great Judaic concerns of Dickens and Tolstoy and George Eliot: the nature and consequences of conduct, the forces and attitudes that give life meaning and direction, the struggle to make something human of our lives even in the midst

of social injustices and frustrating circumstances, and the inevitability of old age, sickness, and death.

The most compelling chapter in Howe's life, and Alexander's most successful expositions, concern Howe as literary critic. (Calling distinctively and emblematically Jewish the perfectly universal human concerns Ozick lists, however, may have puzzled Dickens, Tolstoy, and Eliot.)

But Howe defined for himself a Jewish identity as well. It had two components: devotion to the Yiddish culture of the immigrant generation, and left-wing readings of Israeli policy. Howe's *World of Our Fathers* portrayed the power and humanity of Yiddish culture, its literature and its mores, and won a vast audience for the immigrant Jewishness that his generation was to bury. That single work certainly wins a place for Howe in the record of the American Jewish culture of the day: It was by far the most eloquent

and influential memorial to the thousand-year culture that was to wash up and be smashed on American shores.

His other Jewish engagement turned Howe into a spokesman for the far-left critique of the state of Israel, especially in its struggle to survive in an ocean of Arab hostility. Howe climbed the high moral ground in his rejection of Zionism and the legitimacy of the state of Israel. Alexander notes, "His creed of secular Jewishness was deeply influenced by both his literary sensibility and his socialism." The apologist for Trotsky in the 1930's and 1940's ended up an apologist for Arafat in the 1980's. The Yiddishist/non-Zionist spoke for a declining generation. The future would honor the Yiddishism, but the left, at least, would take as its inheritance the denial of Zionism and of its affirmation, through the state of Israel, of the Jews' enduring life as a people. Alexander's life of Howe writes the epitaph of the final generation of the Jewish left, the socialists and commu-

nists who accomplished their goals only to find themselves repudiated by Jews (Alexander among them) who stood for other choices.

Howe stands for the ultimate vacuity of secular Jewishness, which overtakes Jews who abandon Judaism but wish to continue within the Jewish fold. Time has made its judgment on the two centuries of experimentation with that possibility: The secular option endures for a generation. The grandchildren of secular Jews rarely continue within the Jewish community, though for entirely subjective and personal reasons, they may continue to regard themselves as "Jewish"—a term lacking all meaning when deprived of its soul in God.

Jacob Neusner is Distinguished Research Professor of Religious Studies at the University of South Florida and a professor of religion at Bard College.

HELP CHRONICLES... HURT THE IRS... HELP CHRONICLES...



There are many ways to make tax-deductible gifts to *Chronicles: A Magazine of American Culture*. The simplest of these is a cash gift, but often there is a tax advantage in making a gift of appreciated stocks or bonds. When you do, there are two winners: you and *Chronicles*. The only loser is the wicked and greedy tax collector.

Here's how it works:

When you sell appreciated securities, you are taxed on the capital gains. However, if you contribute appreciated stocks or bonds to *Chronicles*, you will not have to pay any tax on the gains. In fact, you will receive a charitable deduction for the full, fair-market value of the securities as of the date of the gift. To qualify, you only have to have held the stocks or bonds for more than one year.

Given the dramatic gains in the stock market in recent years, it makes good sense to review your investments with an eye toward making a gift of long-term securities to *Chronicles*. Your securities broker can even wire the shares directly to *Chronicles*' investment account.

For more information, please write or call:

Christopher Check
Executive Vice President
The Rockford Institute
928 North Main Street
Rockford, Illinois 61103

(815) 964-5811



HELP CHRONICLES... HURT THE IRS... HELP CHRONICLES...

JOURNALISM

Persecutions

by Philip Jenkins

I don't know if I was more shocked by the article itself, or by where it appeared. Though I have heard the argument that gay advocates vastly overstate the prevalence of hate crimes in order to support a far-reaching political agenda, who would have thought that such a coldly skeptical demolition of their case could have appeared in the ultra-liberal *New York Times*? But there it was, under a front-page headline: "A Move to Face 'Persecution' Facing Gays Worldwide," with "persecution" framed in quotes. And the opening paragraphs followed this same theme, with various atrocities recorded, but always in scornful terms which cast doubt on the reality of the victimization: We read of people gathering to support "what they call gay martyrs," or marching in support of "the gays they are told are suffering" in countries around the world. Although specific crimes are described, there is a powerful suggestion that these are so ludicrously overstated that they may not be real. The bulk of the article focused instead on the balanced and moderate opinions of objective experts who denounced the ballyhoo about hate crimes and urged that anti-gay sentiment be understood in the context of traditional social attitudes. As one distinguished think-tank authority remarked, "There are local forces, local interests, so it's not subsumable under one kind of conspiracy against gays." If the audience being agitated by these wild charges of anti-gay persecution were a little more sophisticated, they would realize that this sort of violence goes on all the time, and there really is no need to get so excited. The worst possible course of action would be to pass ill-considered emergency legislation to force the federal government to protect potential victims of persecution, a policy which could only make things worse. Many might

feel that the whole article was astonishingly callous to the well-documented sufferings of the victims of hate crimes across the world, but it was refreshing to find such a wildly atypical piece in the *Times*. Clearly, the editors are willing to expose humbug and posturing from whatever part of the political spectrum it comes.

Yes, of course, I am joking—well, partly. The article in question was indeed printed on the front page of the *Times*, on November 9, 1998, under the byline of Laurie Goodstein, and all the quotes did appear exactly as worded, except that in each instance, I have changed the name of the minority group being subjected to torture and murder: It was originally Christians, not gays. Once we realize that, we can comprehend the whole mystery of how a paper like the *Times* might have discovered a category of hate crime which it is prepared to tolerate, or at least to cover as if the persecutors required equal time with the victims. In this instance, the crimes are only of interest in demonstrating how powerful right-wing pressure groups use such apparently trivial issues to mobilize support among the ignorant faithful, and to galvanize Christians to become politically active. So much for the voiceless Christian victims, those inconceivably poor Africans, Asians, and Arabs who self-evidently fall into the category of "torturees," Graham Greene's classic term for those who can be maimed and killed with impunity. We can almost hear the newspaper's sneer: If not for political advantage, why else would American Christians care about such people?

The *Times* would never have treated any other ethnic, social, or religious group as dismissively as the persecuted Christians of Sudan and Saudi Arabia, Pakistan or China. Goodstein even rejects the *concept* of anti-Christian persecution. After all, as "experts say" (those famous experts again), "what outsiders often label Christian persecution is often a complex brew of racial, economic, political, tribal and religious rivalries." Now, I have tried diligently, but I cannot decipher how that description cannot equally be applied to any other form of hatred or discrimination, most conspicuously, to antisemitism. Nor can I discov-

er why the fact of being such a "complex brew" should mean that observers should take less account of it. Let me test this against an imaginary news story:

Though the mob destroyed the synagogue and killed several believers at prayer, authorities explained that the event should not be viewed too seriously, as the perpetrators were motivated by a complex brew of ancient rivalries and emotions.

No, it doesn't read too convincingly, does it? Or at least, it would not in the context of any group besides Christians, who, as we are explicitly told by the *Times*, are still in the doghouse "over the indifference or even complicity of some Christians in the Holocaust and in genocidal wars in Rwanda and Bosnia." Nevertheless, "Christians are seeing themselves as the victims and martyrs of the moment." I especially admire the phrase "of the moment," with its implications of a faddish cause *du jour*. The nerve of those people, whining just because a few hundred thousand of their fellow believers are beaten, beheaded, raped, and tortured each year.

We have to be precise about our terms here. All religiously motivated attacks on Jews are hate crimes evoking *Kristallnacht* and the holocaust; all attacks on homosexuals are manifestations of pervasive hatred and bigotry, requiring massive public re-education; the notion of "anti-Christian persecution" is, however, a "misguided oversimplification," however blatant the element of religious bigotry. In fact, even to express concern about this last kind of organized terrorism is in itself a form of hate crime, chiefly directed against Muslims. I hope that's all clear.

Incidentally, all due credit should go to Goodstein for her rhetorical talents. Anyone else writing such a story might have been tempted to lead with one or two of the straightforward and well-documented recent instances of humble Christian believers executed or murdered for their faith, but this might have run the risk of arousing sympathy for the victims. (For many such instances, read the heart-rending case studies in *Their*

Blood Cries Out by Paul Marshall and Lela Gilbert or in Nina Shea's *In the Lion's Den*.) Instead, Goodstein chose to quote former sufferers now on the lecture circuit, with the implication that their spectacular accounts were over-adorned in order to appeal to the gangs of ignorant yahoos she imagines filling churches across America. It takes a serious professional journalist to achieve that level of distortion without actually misstating a single fact.

It is regrettably possible that some readers disgusted by the *New York Times* story might be tempted to see it as a manifestation of a specifically Jewish prejudice against Christianity, and a tendency to minimize Christian sufferings. (Compare the astonishing scene in Spielberg's emetic production of *Schindler's List*, in which the horrific war-time experience of the Polish Catholic people is reduced to the one obscene moment in which a Christian girl derides Jews *en route* to death camps.) But the *Times* itself has historically led the field in raising the issue of anti-Christian persecution, and its chief warrior in this campaign has consistently been Jewish columnist A.M. Rosenthal. With his deep sensitivity to antisemitic rhetoric, Rosenthal is not prepared to let any similar slanders pass when they happen to be directed against any other group, and he is thus the first to complain when Muslim extremists denounce Christians or Bahais for poisoning wells and subverting society. (An equally exemplary role has been played by another Jewish writer, the Hudson Institute's Michael Horowitz.) Just as the whole anti-persecution campaign is not anti-Muslim in content, neither do its detractors come from any one religious or political tradition.

Goodstein's offensive article might be dismissed as an isolated manifestation of anti-religious bigotry, but it is much more significant than that. When one of the nation's leading newspapers is prepared to give such prominence to such an unabashed partisan tirade against any manifestation of Christian political activism, it suggests either a remarkable ignorance about the realities of that tradition or outright terror at the prospect of the slightest religious involvement in conservative politics (as opposed to liberal or radical campaigns). Goodstein's article may be the best argument I have read for the view that Christianity remains the one unacceptable religious tradition in the otherwise limitless toler-

ance of the United States. And her article has affected me profoundly: If I was not concerned before about the necessity to organize politically to support persecuted Christians worldwide, I am now fully converted to this view. It takes a rare journalist to transform one's opinion so completely with a single piece of writing.

Philip Jenkins is Distinguished Professor of History and Religious Studies at Pennsylvania State University.

RELIGION

The Christian Challenge in Islamic Africa

by Pedro C. Moreno

Religious persecution in Africa is particularly interesting since countries there go from one extreme to another in terms of religious tolerance. The growth of Islam is reconfiguring Africa's religious landscape—at the cost of religious liberty.

Frontline Fellowship, an evangelical group based in South Africa which operates in Sudan and other countries, provides these estimates: Christians are restricted and pressured (often violently) in 17 African countries considered "officially Islamic." Out of Africa's 750 million people, 260 million are Muslim (half of whom live in the sub-Saharan region). The African population could thus be roughly categorized as 50 percent Christian and 35 percent Muslim. Animists (who overlap with the Christians and Muslims) make up the rest, together with very small percentages of Hindus, Jews, and Bahais.

The situation varies from country to country, but three of Africa's largest states are representative of conditions there now: Egypt, an example of the long-standing Muslim stronghold in Northern Africa; Sudan, an ethnically mixed country under harsh rule from its Muslim majority; and Nigeria, more representative of black Africa, which is in-

creasingly being Islamicized by its military regime.

The Arab Republic of Egypt gained independence from Great Britain in 1922, and in 1956, it declared itself an Islamic state. Religious minorities include six million Christian Copts, constituting ten percent of the population and forming the largest Christian minority in the Middle East; five to ten thousand Bahais; 5,000 Shiite Muslims; non-Coptic Christians; a small Jewish community; plus atheists and agnostics. Egypt's 1971 constitution guarantees equality of opportunity to all citizens regardless of race, ethnic origin, language, religion, or creed. Although the government applies Islamic law to all Muslims, it does not force adherents of other religions to comply.

For Egypt's Islamic fundamentalists, this is not enough, as the government is well aware. A former Egyptian minister of religious affairs bluntly told me that, while he recognized there were problems with religious liberty in Egypt, "We are trying hard to provide for an environment of religious freedom. If the Muslim fundamentalists took over the country, the first one to be killed would be me."

Under such pressures, Egypt lacks the legal safeguards to make its constitutional provisions regarding freedom of religion a reality. For example, the government requires every Egyptian citizen to carry an identity card which states the bearer's religion. Recent abridgments of religious liberty in Egypt fall into five main categories: prohibition on conversion from Islam, torture and loss of life, lack of social and economic freedom due to religion, curtailed freedom of worship, and censorship of religious texts. Persecution of Coptic Christians and others continues to this day, including the recent interrogations and torture of 1,000 Christians in El-Kosheh in relation to the murder of two Coptic men in Upper Egypt, and the indictment of three Coptic clergymen relative to the same crime.

Sudan is an even more difficult case. It is widely listed as a top violator of religious freedom. The Christian south experiences regular persecution by the Muslim-controlled government. Apostasy is punishable by death, and mass displacement, genocide, massacres, and even slavery are common.

Sudan became a republic in 1956 and then alternated between military and

civilian rule until 1971, when it became a one-party state. It is the largest country in Africa, and racial and ethnic tensions have weakened the already poor economy and created poor health conditions. Although Islam is the dominant religion, recent statistics indicate a growing population (currently 20 percent) of Sudanese who claim to be Christian.

Through dress codes, required study of the Koran, and educational discrimination against non-Arabic-speaking students, Islamic fundamentalists in the National Islamic Front are advancing the cause of a wholly Islamic nation-state through the schools, colleges, and local governments. The Sudanese government denies this, claiming that a tolerance of Christianity and other faiths exists at all levels of government and of Sudanese society.

The Sudanese constitution of 1986 promises that "all persons shall enjoy the freedom of faith and the right to perform religious rites within the limits of morality, public order, and health as required by law," but the application of *Shari'a* (Islamic law) to all Sudanese people renders this provision empty. The 1991 Criminal Act, which incorporated *Shari'a* into the criminal law of Sudan, made apostasy by Muslims punishable by death.

The Sudanese government also suppresses religious liberty by denying permits to build new churches (none have been built in northern Sudan since the 1970's), and by imposing burdensome requirements and licenses on missionary groups as well as requiring hard-to-obtain work permits of foreign missionaries. The government forcibly indoctrinates military trainees, pressures prisoners to convert, and has allegedly withheld food, services, and humanitarian aid to non-Muslims who do not convert. The northern Sudanese also use cultural cleansing to justify the enslavement of the black Christian population that lives in southern Sudan. Most recently, two Roman Catholic priests were prosecuted by the Sudanese Military Tribunal under fabricated charges of "masterminding a plot to bomb electrical installations" in the capital of Khartoum.

Nigeria, too, is religiously polarized, despite a history of constitutionally protected religious liberty. (Both the 1979 and 1989 constitutions contain provisions allowing for freedom of belief, practice, and religious education.) Tensions between Christians and Muslims

are strong. During Nigeria's early history, author Ahanotu reports, "the colonial state of Nigeria created an environment that marginalized religion in the political process. This process continued with the emergence of the independent state of Nigeria." However, the cultural differences, resulting from religious ones, soon led to conflict as Muslims who felt discriminated against, both legally and economically, revolted. Civil war broke out in 1966, partly due to the strife between the predominantly Muslim Hausas and the predominantly Christian Ibos. Since 1978, violence between Muslims and Christians has led to the deaths of thousands.

Although many believe Nigeria has a Muslim majority, the government, fearful of reviving religious tensions, has not taken a census for over 20 years. It is estimated that 48 percent of Nigerians practice Islam; 17 percent, Roman Catholicism; 17 percent, Protestantism; and 18 percent, animism and other faiths.

A major point of contention between Muslims and Christians concerns the Islamic law courts. Both the 1960 and 1963 constitutions allowed *Shari'a* courts at the state level, but did not include them in the federal system. In 1978, a Constitutional Assembly allowed *Shari'a* courts of appeal for the states, but again did not incorporate *Shari'a* courts into the federal system.

Though Nigerian law forbids discrimination on the basis of religion, this has not prevented violence. In September 1994, Muslim youths in Potiskum attacked churches with firearms, machetes, knives, and stones, leaving nine churches burned. The Christian Alliance of Nigeria reported that the incident was "part of the grand Muslim design to eradicate and wipe out Christianity in the northern [Nigerian] states." The threat of further violence has caused both Christians and Muslims to form vigilante groups in some northern parts of Nigeria. In an indication of continuing persecution of Christians, 13 Christians in Edo, in southwestern Nigeria, were recently arrested for "disturbing other traders with their public prayers."

As the current situation in all three of these countries shows, Africa is undergoing a major transformation. Though multitudes gather for Christian services, though spiritual revival has been going on for decades, and though half the continent claims to be Christian, the Islamic influence is strong in Africa, and Mus-

lims are already a majority in 17 countries—over a third of the continent.

It is important to note that some Muslim-dominated governments in Africa, in spite of strong religious influence, are actively fighting to preserve a more secularized state and to resist the influence of fundamentalist Muslim movements. But freedom and liberty of conscience on the continent will largely depend on whether Egypt and other countries with similar conditions continue to stand strong in favor of a more secularized state, whether the Muslim North or the Christian South wins the war in Sudan (or what kind of compromise is achieved), and whether countries such as Nigeria stand for liberty for all or give up in the face of totalitarianism. South Africa, by far the most prosperous country in Africa, is also a major battleground where the fate of religious freedom in Africa could be decided.

One thing is certain: As Islam imposes *Shari'a* law on parts of Africa, it not only curtails the rights of non-Muslims but also takes away the liberty of conscience of Muslims themselves, who are no longer able to make up their own minds, to change their religion, to choose what to believe—to exercise their rights as free citizens. Such a trend does not offer a promising future to an otherwise potentially rich and prosperous continent.

Pedro C. Moreno, an attorney and international coordinator with the Rutherford Institute, is the editor of the Handbook on Religious Liberty Around the World.

LIBERAL ARTS

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

"*A Woman Determined* is the history of a close-knit lesbian community and the consequences of crises upon that community. . . . It explores women's relationships, particularly how they tend to hold each other to impossibly high standards and the subsequent disappointment and anger directed toward those women who fail to meet others' expectations. Ultimately, this is a story of hope. . . ."

—from promotional material for
A Woman Determined
(*Spinsters Ink*, 1998)

The Success of Direct Instruction

by Marian Kester Coombs

What if the federal government spent a billion tax dollars over nearly three decades to study thoroughly the question of which teaching method best instills knowledge, sharpens cognitive skills, and enhances self-esteem in young children? And what if such a study were able to determine exactly which method best accomplishes all three? Would American parents like to know about it?

The study and its conclusion both exist. Project Follow Through, initiated in 1968 under Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty to "follow through" on Project Head Start, spent an estimated one billion dollars through the Office (now Department) of Education, the Office of Economic Opportunity, and dozens of private sponsors to test and evaluate an array of very different educational methods. Despite Project Follow Through's experimental nature, it was also a fully funded and comprehensive social services program. A total of 700,000 students in 170 poor communities around the nation were involved. Parents were allowed to decide which method or model would be adopted at their local school; the government then funded the model through such sponsors as universities and private research institutes.

The last funds for the study, which was the largest educational experiment ever conducted, were disbursed in 1995. What happened then is worthy of another study—this one in the politics of bureaucracy. "The education profession has never been particularly interested in results, especially if they run counter to the prejudices of the profession," says Douglas Carnine, a professor of education at the University of Oregon who was involved with Project Follow Through when his university was one of its sponsors.

By the mid-1970's, Stanford Research Institute had gathered data on the pro-

ject, which it then handed over to Abt Associates of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for analysis. Nine educational methods were compared. Of these, three each fell into one of three general types: *basic skills*, a behavioristic approach similar to the Suzuki Method; *cognitive*, a learning-to-learn approach that stresses the child's discovery or "construction" of knowledge on his own; and *affective*, a "whole-child" approach that aims to boost student self-esteem on the theory that a higher sense of self-worth promotes academic achievement.

A battery of five tests were administered to more than 9,000 Project Follow Through students in kindergarten through third grade. They were matched with a control group of 6,500 students from other school sites. The 11 "outcome measures" assessed by these tests consisted of basics like spelling and computation, problem-solving ability or cognition, and self-concept or self-esteem ("affective development").

The results? "Direct Instruction," one of the basic skills approaches, worked best with these children in all three areas of development. Disadvantaged children who ordinarily would have been expected to achieve in the 20th percentile range performed at or near the 50th percentile (the norm) in math, reading, spelling, and language usage. Howard N. Sloane, professor emeritus at the University of Utah, states that the outcome of Project Follow Through proves that "stressing basic skills produces the greatest gains in problem solving and analytical [cognitive] skills," as well.

The results also showed that those methods aimed specifically at improving cognition or boosting self-esteem had no effect, or even a negative effect, on all three types of measured development. For example, writes researcher Cathy Watkins,

Models [like Direct Instruction] that emphasized basic skills produced better results on tests of self-concept than did other models. . . . The models that focused on affective development had negative average effects on measures in this domain.

Direct Instruction (DI or DISTAR) was devised by Siegfried Engelmann back in the early 1960's, when he was teaching his own young sons. According to researcher James Baumann, in a DI

classroom,

the teacher, in a face to face, reasonably formal manner, tells, shows, models, demonstrates and teaches the skill to be learned. The key word is teacher, for it is the teacher who is in command.

Gary Adams, author of a recent evaluation of DI, is quick to add that

the difference is the curriculum, not just the method. It's the sequence of concepts presented that really matters. Not one other model has been field tested to the extent this one has . . . with very good teachers and very difficult kids.

Skills such as reading, spelling, and computation are presented step by step, with reinforcement ensuring that each child has mastered one step before progressing to the next.

In 1975, Thaddeus Lott became principal of Wesley Elementary, part of an inner-city Houston school district where every pupil qualified for Title I assistance. At that time, only 18 percent of pupils scored at grade level on the Iowa Basic Skills Test. By 1980, 85 percent did so. Why the dramatic change? Lott had purchased DI materials (mostly without the district's financial help, since DI was not—and is still not—officially approved by the state board of education) and trained Wesley teachers in the method. Those teachers unwilling to be accountable to Lott's new regime were transferred.

Academic improvement was so dramatic that the district superintendent, who had resented Lott and tried to drive him out, was herself removed, and Lott was named head of what essentially became a charter district. Successes multiplied; by 1996, 100 percent of Wesley third-graders passed the Texas Assessment of Academic Skills in reading, and the other schools in the charter district were beginning to follow the same upward curve. Lott is now in demand across Texas to "turn our school around."

Successes like Wesley Elementary did not guarantee good press for DI, however. In 1977, the Ford Foundation hired four researchers to re-evaluate Abt Associates' determination that Direct Instruction was the superior method. Published as "No Simple Answer" in the presti-

gious *Harvard Educational Review*, this re-evaluation by E.R. House, G.V. Glass, L.F. McLean, and D.F. Walker argued that DI's superiority was not very statistically significant if the data were re-adjusted in various ways, was due more to environment than to the method used, and that in any case, while such a method might work with at-risk students, it was irrelevant to the needs of "normal" students.

Bonnie Grossen, editor of the journal *Effective School Practices*, replies that the researchers'

reanalysis not only continued to show the much greater strength of DI on all measures, but they even proved how academically valid the measures were. What they did was change the question because they didn't like the answer. Their argument was that we should ignore the question of what leads to better academic learning. So they essentially gave people permission to ignore the whole point of the project. It's hard to figure out why they would do such a thing.

Douglas Carnine thinks he can figure it out: Most education professionals belong to "a closed community of devotees—college professors, curriculum specialists, etc.—who follow popular philosophies rather than the research on what works."

Given the financial clout of the Ford Foundation, the re-analysis was all that was needed to signal the politically correct attitude to take toward the evaluation by Abt Associates. After the Harvard article appeared, all nine Project Follow Through models were recommended equally to school districts through the National Diffusion Network. By 1982, in a self-defeating attempt to equalize results, the less effective models were receiving higher levels of funding than the more effective ones, and Project Follow Through had been dropped down the memory hole. Today, when the head of the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics is asked her opinion of Project Follow Through, she can answer in all truthfulness, "I have never heard of it."

Marshall "Mike" Smith, the current deputy secretary of education, was involved with the project at Harvard during the early 1970's. His memory is that the program "was a very ambitious effort to

try and understand how children learn. And we found out how difficult it is to change the schools to make them more effective." Were findings swept under the rug or "analyzed away," as critics charge? "Oh, I think that's wrong," he continues. "There wasn't just one finding that came out of Follow Through. There was a general finding that highly structured classes focused on basic skills produced better results on basic skills tests."

Surely this is important? As if anticipating Smith's dismissal of Direct Instruction's superiority, education researchers Carl Bereiter and Midian Kurland wrote in 1981 that

It makes no sense whatever to call it "bias" when an achievement test awards higher scores to students who have studied the domain covered by the test than to students who have not. It would be a very strange achievement test if it did not.

Nevertheless, opponents of methods like Direct Instruction, such as University of Arizona professor Kenneth Goodman, are fond of calling such methods "oppressive and inhumane" and lethal to the innate creativity of children. Since behavioristic approaches "sound bad," it doesn't matter that they work.

These opponents are not only well organized but also occupy the highest positions in the education establishment. The entire Department of Education is in the hands of anti-"basics" bureaucrats, as are the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics and the National Science Foundation. The NSF's assistant director for education and human resources, Luther S. Williams, was reprimanded recently by his boss for firing off a blunt threat to California's state school board when it dared to re-adopt basic math standards after several dismal years of "creative" math appreciation.

In addition to Texas and Florida, Oregon and Washington lately have reconsidered the exclusion of Direct Instruction from their list of state-approved teaching methods. A number of state legislatures, including those of California and Maryland, have seen measures introduced that would restore phonics instruction to the curriculum. It had been driven out by "whole language"—just the sort of sounds-good/doesn't-work method discredited by the findings of

Project Follow Through.

Gary Adams shakes his head. "The most puzzling thing is how the very models that the data showed to be ineffective and even harmful are still being pushed. Parents should be asking, 'Where is the proof these programs work?' Instead, the screaming only starts when the awful test results come in." To Cathy Watkins, the lesson of Project Follow Through has been this: "The fact that effective teaching methods are available does not mean they will be adopted." Doug Carnine is more sanguine. "I think education is at the same point medicine was about 160 years ago, the point when it discovered that most of what it believed in was wrong," he predicted recently.

What was Project Follow Through able to accomplish? It showed that the surest way to ground children in basic skills is to teach them the content of those skills in a thorough, authoritative fashion. It demonstrated that "higher order," "critical" thinking and "enhanced cognition" are heavily dependent on the acquisition of basic skills. And it proved that mastery of basic skills builds self-esteem, not the other way around.

These findings remain valid even though the education bureaucracy wants to kill off a method that has been proven to work. Educators who are more enamored of techniques that sound good but don't deliver cannot change facts. Nor can any Ford Foundation "re-evaluation."

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Maryland.

Bondage Boy Goes to School

by Morgan N. Knull

In a state where the rock 'n' roll hit "Louie, Louie" was banned from the airwaves after the governor deemed it subversive, Indiana University (IU) is no stranger to controversy. One of its most famous professors was Alfred Kinsey, whose work is continued by such scholars as Leon Pettitway, author of the recent university press book *Honey, Honey, Miss Thang: Being Black, Gay, and on the Streets*. Not surprisingly, IU also provides a congenial home for students with

unusual sexual interests.

Consider Keith Potter, student organizer of a bondage workshop, who is better known around campus by his nickname, "Bondage Boy." Imploring the public to "give it a chance," he told the *Indiana Daily Student*, "After a while sex can get old. Rather than cut off the relationship, you might as well try new things."

Assembling a panel of bondage practitioners and advocates in a college dorm, Potter and the CommUNITY Educator program (sponsored by IU's Department for Residential Programs and Services) introduced 150 students to the pleasures of burning a partner with hot wax, branding or puncturing the skin with needles, using rope, chains, or leather to subdue or tease, and enhancing sexual arousal with whips and biting. John Robinson, president of Headspace, a student group which promotes sadomasochism and bondage, touted the religious benefits of S&M, contending that pain serves "as a method of transcendentalism" and allows participants "to either become a god or to become closer to their god." He added, "It is a tool that, properly used, can build trust." If it weren't already preoccupied with its crusade against land mines, one suspects the National Council of Churches might support Robinson's claim.

Interviewed by the *Kokomo Tribune*, "Bondage Boy" confessed "to keeping a few shackles, handcuffs, and a blindfold draped on his bedpost." Still, he ardently maintained the workshop was "educational" and simply redressed historical discrimination against bondage practitioners. The university's assistant chancellor for residential programs and services, Bruce Jacobs, agreed, congratu-

lating the school for trying "to keep it perfunctory." The absurdity was complete when Potter admitted Headspace often sponsors off-campus "dungeon parties" in which students are initiated into S&M or invited to watch, but stressed that the parties always occur at non-alcoholic venues.

Tuition-paying parents aren't amused. "When based on sexual activity, kids are going to be curious," one IU undergraduate's mother noted. "But there's no reason to entice curiosity." Yet it is precisely the normalization of the deviant which Alfred Kinsey and the institute he established at IU undertook in the name of science. His exaltation of naturalism simply concealed romantic anti-intellectualism. This flight from reality actually reveals a desperate yearning for purpose in life. Turning to ever more exotic practices and constructing a veritable world of illusion, the naturalist fails to find contentment because everything gets "old" eventually. Sexual liberation proves not so liberating after all.

When the State University of New York (SUNY) at New Paltz used tax dollars to sponsor a conference featuring presentations on "Sex Toys for Women" and "Safe, Sane, and Consensual S&M: An Alternative Way of Loving," Governor George Pataki denounced it as an "outrageous" expenditure. Predictably, the college's president invoked "academic freedom," the last refuge of an academic scoundrel. What a peculiar notion of freedom—to maintain that one ought to do whatever one pleases at someone else's expense.

The *New York Times* editorialized in favor of New Paltz's besieged president when state legislators began demanding his resignation, and Duke University's Stanley Fish rushed to defend the proceedings as a contribution to a "more inclusive" curriculum. This sentiment wasn't shared by one conference attendee, who may file sexual assault charges against Shelly Mars, a performance artist featured in the program. According to local resident and Roman Catholic activist Peter Shipley, Mars attempted to straddle him in his seat during her performance, but bumped against a ballpoint pen in his hand. Falling to the floor, she recovered and lunged towards his crotch. At that point, he explains, "my pen went into her nostril, and she fell back on the floor and said, 'I'm bleeding!'" Then she got up and took her pants and blouse off."

Caught with their pants down, organizers of the SUNY conference trot out John Stuart Mill to justify the program. Mill is a peculiar ally for SUNY to champion, as he opposed government schools in principle: "That the whole or any large part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one in deprecating." Still, a deeper lesson is emerging, one which transcends the source of funding: Society cannot afford at any price the sexual escapism which is the favorite pastime of the intellectual class. Bondage and leather whips may pose as "victimless" crimes, but reality has a strange way of asserting itself over illusion.

In contrast to the sexual utopianism preached on college campuses, most of America continues to regard bizarre sexual practices with disdain. Common folk possess what University of Chicago ethicist Leon Kass describes as "the wisdom of repugnance." While not constituting an "argument," Kass writes that "in crucial cases, however, repugnance is the emotional expression of deep wisdom, beyond reason's power fully to articulate it." Profoundly irrational and disordered acts ought to occasion revulsion in observers. It takes a hardness of heart, a practiced indifference, to react otherwise. But instead of aspiring to the examined life, most universities succeed in numbing the moral sense.

If there is to be social renewal in America, we may need less tolerance and more reliance on the wisdom of repugnance. Of course, no one is entirely immune from the costs of sexual liberation. Indiana elected Dan Coats, a principal sponsor of last year's Defense of Marriage Act, to the Senate, yet it is second only to Nevada in its divorce rate. Such paradoxes are to be found in an imperfect world. It is the intellectual class which promised utopia but unleashed the ugliness of modernity; common people understand that life is bittersweet.

The mother of another IU student, when told about "Bondage Boy" and the S&M panel, put it best. "Now I have to pray every day and hope my son continues to make good decisions, and that his bad choices don't alter his life permanently." We all must hope the same for our children, and for our country.

Morgan N. Knull is a Weaver Fellow with the Intercollegiate Studies Institute and a graduate student at Louisiana State University.

When in Rockford,
Eat at
Lee's Chinese
Restaurant
3443 N. Main Street

Remember Pearl Harbor

by David B. Kopel

Under the auspices of the United Nations, no nation is working harder to disarm American citizens than is Japan. With help from Canada and Colombia, Japan is the main engine pushing the United Nations to promote "small arms" controls which would obliterate the Second Amendment.

There are three problems with Japan's effort. First, it is a form of cultural imperialism, which shows ignorance of the ways in which American society is different from the Japanese. It also flies in the face of a constitutionally guaranteed right. Third, these attempts indicate a willful blindness to Japan's own history—a history that supports arguments against gun control even in Japan.

Let's start with the misunderstanding of America. In Japan, crime rates are very low. Burglary is rare, and most people feel perfectly safe. The Japanese usually do not need to take extraordinary steps to protect themselves from violent criminals. Conditions in America, however, are rather different. And the conditions are different not just because of guns; even if all gun crime were eliminated, America's violent crime rate would still be many times higher than Japan's. Our police cannot guarantee individual security; hence, many Americans must provide their own.

Firearms are one option that many people choose, and firearms in the hands of law-abiding people make America safer. Over a dozen studies—including one paid for by an anti-gun group—have found that Americans use firearms hundreds of thousands of times yearly for lawful protection. These uses usually don't involve pulling the trigger; brandishing the gun generally is enough to frighten off a would-be assailant.

About half of all American homes contain a gun, and the prevalence of guns in American households plays a major role in reducing burglary. When American burglaries do occur, the bur-

glars generally break in during the daytime. Burglars take the extra risk of stealing in daylight because they realize that if they break in at night, people may be home, and the burglars stand a good chance of getting shot. Since burglars don't know which homes have guns and which don't, the entire community—not just the gun-owners—benefits from the deterrent value of widespread gun ownership. By contrast, burglars in other English-speaking countries are much more willing to attack a home when homeowners are present.

Another reason so many Americans choose to own guns is the example set by our government. The Japanese police almost never draw their revolvers, and instead use their expertise in judo and other martial arts to subdue criminals. In America, however, about one person a day is fatally shot by the police. The frequent use of guns by American police legitimizes the use of guns in general.

Japan's activism in the cause of gun prohibition was galvanized by the shooting death of Yoshihiro Hattori, a Japanese exchange student who was shot by a Louisiana homeowner in 1992 after Hattori left a Halloween party where he had been drinking, trespassed on the man's property, and began advancing toward the man despite the man's repeated warnings to "freeze." Hattori's grieving family responded by circulating petitions urging the American government to ban the possession of guns in the home.

While this family's grief is understandable, its public policy is not, because even if Hattori's family were to prevail, the result might not be what they intended. Whenever American cities or states have enacted laws forbidding the possession of particular types of guns, or simply requiring that people tell the government what kinds of guns they own, most Americans have refused to obey such laws. Depending on the law and the region, disobedience rates range from 75 percent to 98 percent. If the possession of guns in the home were prohibited, a significant number of Americans would refuse to comply. And, incredible as it may sound to the Japanese, many Americans would shoot a policeman who came to confiscate their guns.

Perhaps even more incredibly, from a Japanese viewpoint, our Constitution implicitly endorses such behavior. The Second Amendment guarantees the right to own and carry firearms. The historical record shows that the core pur-

pose of the Second Amendment was to ensure that, if the central government ever became dictatorial, the American people would be able to overpower it. The men who wrote the Constitution presumed that any government that would confiscate guns would do so as a first step toward restricting political and social liberties.

Japanese history itself shows the importance of an armed populace. As historian Hidehiro Sonoda explains, the military was able to dominate Japan in the 1920's, 30's, and early 40's partly because the "army and the navy were vast organizations with a monopoly on physical violence. There was no force in Japan that could offer any resistance."

When the Japanese dictator Hidiyoshi disarmed Japan in 1588 with the Sword Hunt, he did so because, as he put it, the possession of weapons by peasants "makes difficult the collection of taxes and tends to foment uprisings." Once the peasants had been disarmed, they were increasingly oppressed. American historian Stephen Turnbull notes that, after the Sword Hunt was completed, "The growing social mobility of peasants was thus flung suddenly into reverse." Having once enjoyed the freedom to choose jobs as they pleased, weaponless peasants were forbidden to leave their land without their superiors' permission. Just as the American Founders would have expected, disarmament paved the way for *de facto* slavery.

American ownership of guns is deeply tied to concepts of individualism, self-protection, and freedom from oppressive government. To the group-oriented Japanese, our attitudes may seem absurd or even barbaric. But in this century, it has been Japan, not the United States, which allowed itself to be run by a military dictatorship, and to start a world war. In a civilized society, the people control the government, and they are trusted by the government. It is gun prohibition, not gun ownership, that is uncivilized.

Most American gun owners have the good manners not to try to force their Second Amendment ideals on Japan. The Japanese should not try to force their own ideology on the United States.

David B. Kopel is the author of The Samurai, the Mountie, and the Cowboy: Should America Adopt the Gun Controls of Other Democracies?, which was named book of the year by the American Society of Criminology's Division of International Criminology.

Author photo: April Mullvain

Published
by the

fP \$25⁰⁰
FREE PRESS

SECOND PRINTING
THE POLITICS OF BAD FAITH
THE RADICAL ASSAULT ON AMERICA'S FUTURE
BY DAVID HOROWITZ

This elegant, insightful work ought to be widely read as a necessary corrective to the most dangerous moral disease of our times.
—Robert Bork

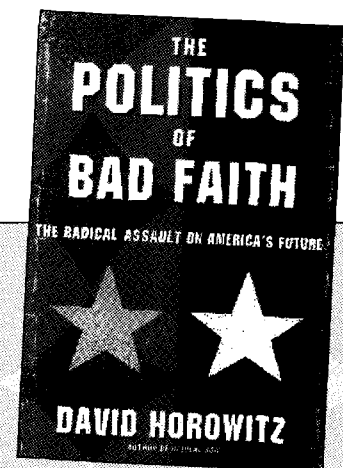
David Horowitz has written a passionate and insightful book that moves seamlessly between incisive critiques of the cultural Left and his own personal experiences as part of the movement. As he makes clear, Marxism did not die with the fall of the Soviet Union.

—Francis Fukuyama

David Horowitz brilliantly critiques the religion of radicalism and insightfully shows how 1960s thinking echoed that of the 1660s—the false messianic hopes of Shabbtai Zvi—and morphed into the AIDS death mask.

—Marvin Olasky

To order call
(800) 752-6562 x.209
or visit
www.frontpagemag.com



A magazine of the net

FRONTPAGE

Edited by Peter Collier & David Horowitz

(updated daily)

www.frontpagemag.com

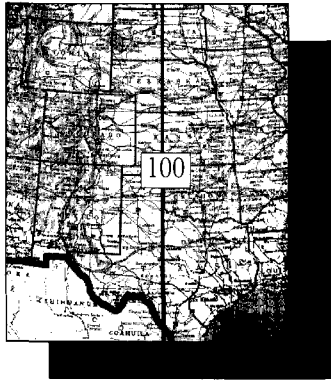
The Hundredth Meridian

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Neoenvironmentalism

The environmentalist movement, as usual, is one theoretical jump ahead of the practical results produced by its previous level of ideological development—results it now deplores and blames on the enemy. After arson destroyed three buildings and damaged four ski lifts on Vail Mountain in Colorado last October, Earth Liberation Front took the credit for destroying more than \$12 million in property “on behalf of the lynx,” which the Colorado Wildlife Commission wants to reintroduce into the San Juan National Forest. “The 12 miles of roads and 885 acres of clearcuts [the ski resorts want to create] will ruin the last, best lynx habitat in the state,” ELF pronounced. “Putting profits ahead of Colorado’s wildlife will not be tolerated.”

While it’s no news to residents of the Intermountain West that industrial tourism (the phrase was coined, so far as I can tell, by Ed Abbey in *Desert Solitaire*) and industrial recreationism are a greater threat to the region, socially and ecologically, than the mining, logging, and ranching industries put together, the last to hear it may be mainstream environmentalists themselves, who have done more than anybody to destroy mining, logging, and ranching and replace these hoary Western occupations with tourism and recreationism. “The environmental movement is at least partly responsible for a massive shift away from our traditional industries,” a West Slope trade promoter observed recently. “Tourism is all some of these towns have left. An attack on the ski industry is an attack on the economy of western Colorado.” On the other hand, such is the hypocrisy endemic to the consumerist culture that the reduction of the West’s ski resorts to post-industrial ghost towns might easily prove a bonanza for them in the end, as is the case with the old mining towns in the region where the same people from Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and New York who express outrage at having to witness a coal, trona, gold, or silver mine in operation are eager to explore and photograph the defunct relics



of their 19th-century profit-taking equivalents.

The fundamental pretense of organized environmentalism is that human beings have the choice of living in the biosphere without altering it, that there exists some higher “use” for nature than untold human generations have been able to discover. For earlier environmentalists—from Henry David Thoreau through John Muir to Aldo Leopold, and as far forward as Edward Abbey—that use was solitude, atonement with nature, mysticism, encounter, and adventure. Except for Leopold with his managerial expertise, none of these men had a working relationship with the land. Yet to the extent that they regarded wilderness and unspoiled nature as a playground, it was “play” in its higher—meaning simpler—forms they had in mind. Aldo Leopold, if he had managed to survive into the era of the All-Terrain Vehicle, would have ridden a horse in the Gila anyway, while the late Finis Mitchell of Rock Springs, Wyoming—the man who more or less put the Wind River Range on the international hiker’s and backpacker’s map—traveled 20 miles or more of the Continental Divide at a hitch and on foot, carrying with him only a little food and water and a square of plastic to wrap up in when he stretched himself on the ground at night. Abbey vanished into the desert equipped not with \$3,000 worth of high-tech gear purchased from REI but just a pair of Army Surplus jungle boots and a daypack containing water, oranges, cheese and crackers, raisins, nuts, a Number Two pencil, and a pocket notebook. None of these people, like other serious environmentalists of their day, rappelled, bungee-jumped, hot-air-

ballooned, mountain-biked, sky-dived, snowboarded, or downhill-skied, though some of them did snow-shoe, ski cross-country, and hunt, and many were avid whitewater rafters. Abbey’s generation (Ed was born in 1927) was followed by the leading edge of the Baby Boomers, still fit enough and unencumbered in the 1970’s and even the 80’s to participate in the Great Outdoors and Wilderness Love-In of the period, although for most of them the motive seems to have been fashion-consciousness, not nature-awareness. What they *did* offer organized environmentalism was bodies, or, more accurately, numbers, and a lot of uninformed—as well as largely uninformed—sympathy, some of it inferred by market researchers studying the sales figures provided by the outdoor-equipment and catalogue companies. Whether the majority of what Tom Wolfe once called Enlightened Backpackers were really environmentalists or not, for politicians at the national, state, and local levels, they did suggest a yuppie version of Coxey’s Army prepared to mobilize around the country for the purpose of marching on Washington in defense of wolves, trees, rocks, more national parks and monuments, added outdoor recreational facilities, cheap Gor-Tex, free condoms (for effective population control in intimate wilderness areas), and NO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT.

Because many people in the environmentalist movement of the 70’s and 80’s were outdoor recreationists themselves, the political possibilities of recreationism were not lost on them. They saw a way to achieve political advantage by their own interests and amusements, and they did it, stressing the benign and harmless nature of the outdoor recreation and tourist business by comparison with the rapacity of the traditional industries in the arid, ecologically sensitive Western states. The strategy worked, magnificently, for 20 or 25 years, but the news from Vail last fall suggests that its days are numbered and it is probably failing fast.

As indeed it should, its demise being long overdue. “There will be more impact,” Ken Sleight, Abbey’s old back-of-

beyond crony and the model for Seldom Seen Smith in *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, was quoted as saying recently, “through industrial tourism than all the mining, logging and ranching combined.” (Sleight, as a wilderness outfitter operating in the slick-rock country of southeastern Utah, is a part of the tourist industry himself, though he represents its simpler, gentler, pre-modern stage.) The effects he has in mind are physical—urban and suburban sprawl, resource depletion, pollution, and so forth—yet the displacement by the recreation business—hotels, motels, ski resorts, destination resorts, second-home communities—of traditional Western work means, essentially, the substitution of play for work, frivolity for seriousness, childishness for adult behavior, waste for production, abstraction for concreteness, and unreality for reality, with consequences affecting Western life in its natural and environmental, social, political, economic, educational, and spiritual aspects. Industrial tourism has been a disaster for the West in every respect, and if the monkey-wrenchers have at last discovered their real enemy—well, so much the worse for the enemy, say I: an evil force committed to the destruction not of “wilderness” or “the Earth” alone but of ordered civilization as well.

ELF doesn’t know this, of course: They see only a conflict between “profits” and lynxes, according to superficial formulae characteristic of leftist fanatics and of the ontologically confused and fundamentally dishonest left operating over a period of some 300 years. That is not of interest. What *is* interesting is the developing antagonistic relationship between recreationism and environmentalism—in particular for what it has to say about the sort of people working as environmental activists today.

What seems to be occurring is the intrusion of a new and exotic type of environmentalist into a movement in danger of being taken over by it, as lake trout, when diabolically introduced by environmental saboteurs, overwhelm a native population of Western cutthroats. In attempting to describe what this new breed is, I begin by suggesting what it isn’t. The neoenvironmentalist is *not*, first of all, an outdoorsman—not of the Abbey-Leopold-Doug Peacock type at any rate: a survivalist without all the gear and something of a naturalist, competent, comfortable, and supremely at home in an isolated natural setting. It

follows that he is also not an adventurer, someone for whom the acrid smell of danger, natural or otherwise, provides a pleasant flow of adrenaline. It does *not* follow that he shouldn’t be a literary gent—which doesn’t matter because he isn’t one, anyway. The neoenvironmentalist does not write books—not ones you’d want to read, that is—or even articles beyond ranting press releases posing as letters-to-the-editor in the state and local newspapers. In the Great Tradition of nature and travel literature that, in however attenuated form, persisted until quite recently as environmentalist literature, connoisseurs of the natural world proved themselves often to be masters of the written word as well (to the aforementioned Thoreau, Muir, etc., add C.M. Doughty, Charles Darwin, and Joseph Wood Krutch, for starters). Ed Abbey, not to mention Charles Doughty, has no worthy successors (or even successor) that I can think of, whether as an outdoor adventurer or a writer. He has, however, plenty of political-bureaucratic-activist types to claim his mantle, if only by invoking his most infamous book.

Here in New Mexico, where I enjoy a temporary residency, environmentalism has taken over state government and the federal agencies like kudzu vine; the same goes—to a slightly lesser extent, perhaps—next door in Arizona. Nowhere in the country have environmentalists filed their suits, won their rulings, and had their way, finally, as in the Southwest—not even in the Greater Yellowstone area, which has received so much of the national attention. Reintroduction of the Mexican Grey Wolf, the virtual shutdown of the timber industry to protect the Mexican Spotted Owl (it isn’t just Mexican human immigrants we’re determined to shelter here in the U.S. of A.), competitive bidding to snatch lands leased from the federal and state governments from under the feet of cattle ranchers already struggling to comply with regulations designated for the protection of the Southwestern Willow Flycatcher—these actions have been the work of the Southwestern Center for Biological Diversity in Tucson, the Forest Guardians in Santa Fe, and many other like-minded organizations staffed, all of them, by political activists, lobbyists, arm-twisters, propagandists, chair-warmers, and telephone jockeys—most of whom have no idea, one gathers, how to pilot a dory through a whitewater rapids, saddle a horse, field-dress an elk, avoid a

flash flood, build a campfire that doesn’t go out, jack a Jeep out of a mudhole, find water in the desert, pick up a rattlesnake bare handedly. . . . Neoenvironmentalist pagans worshipping Wilderness in the Rocky Mountains have this in common with their unlikely neoconservative cousins offering sacrifice to Democracy half a continent away in New York City and Washington, D.C.: They have no personal, experiential knowledge of their adored idol, which for them is only an intellectual abstraction. To state the situation less politely, they—literally—don’t know what they are talking about. Recreationism was more or less okay for an earlier breed of environmentalist that was happier camping up Navajo Creek Canyon on the Big Reservation than hanging around on the back benches in the Round House in Santa Fe. Now that their successors are urban revolutionary cadres, participants in the long march through the institutions whose goal, ultimately, is not ecological at all but social and political, recreationism has become the enemy too.

This is not to agree that making snow is the economic, moral, or social equivalent of growing beef, that felling trees for ski runs is the same as managing forests for sale, or that Westerners are better off making up rooms in resort hotels than mining coal. The argument has been made for a couple of centuries at least, and refined a few years ago by Garrett Hardin in his “Tragedy of the Commons,” that most people take better care with what they own than with what they don’t. Today a similar, perhaps corollary, argument needs to be added: With the possible exception of a fancy sports car, an expensive golf club, a spirited saddle horse, or a trophy mistress, people treat their work tools better than they do their toys. The earth, the land, wilderness—whatever we choose to call it—is neither an untouchable idol for worship nor a potential playground awaiting development and exploitation but a divinely created home for man, and his livelihood as well. It has all the dignity God conferred on it at the Creation, and it is a means by which we earn dignity for ourselves, suffering with it in a mutual travail of which ELFs and developers know not one single thing. <c>

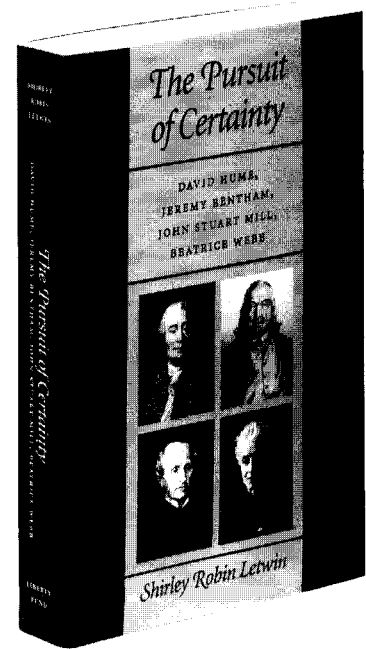
Classic Works for Readers Today

THE PURSUIT OF CERTAINTY

David Hume, Jeremy Bentham,
John Stuart Mill, Beatrice Webb

By Shirley Robin Letwin

By examining the thought of four seminal thinkers, Shirley Robin Letwin in *The Pursuit of Certainty* provides a brilliant record of the gradual change in the English-speaking peoples' understanding of "what sort of activity politics is." As Letwin writes, "the distinctive political issue since the eighteenth century has been whether government should do more or less." Nor, as many historians argue, did this issue arise because of the Industrial Revolution or "new social conditions [that] aggravated the problem of poverty" but, Letwin believes, because of the "profoundly personal reflection" of major thinkers, including Hume, Bentham, Mill, and Webb. David Hume, for example, believed that to "reach for perfection, to seek an ideal, is noble, but dangerous, and is therefore an activity that individuals or voluntary groups may pursue, but governments certainly should not." By the end of the nineteenth century, as Letwin observes, Beatrice Webb came to "equate the triumph of reason over passion with the rule of science over human life." Thus did the "pursuit of certainty" displace the traditional English understanding of the limitations of human nature—hence the necessity of limits to governmental power and programs. Consequently, in our time, "Politics was no longer one of several human activities and at that not a very noble one; it encompassed all of human life" in quest of philosophical "certainty" and social perfection. The Liberty Fund edition is a reprint of the original work published by Oxford in 1965.



Shirley Robin Letwin (1924–1993) was a Professor of Political and Legal Philosophy at Harvard, Cambridge, and the London School of Economics.

434 + xx pages.

Hardcover	\$18.50	0-86597-194-3
Paperback	\$ 9.50	0-86597-195-1

(Indiana residents add 5% sales tax)

Call 800-955-8335
Fax 317-579-6060
or write:



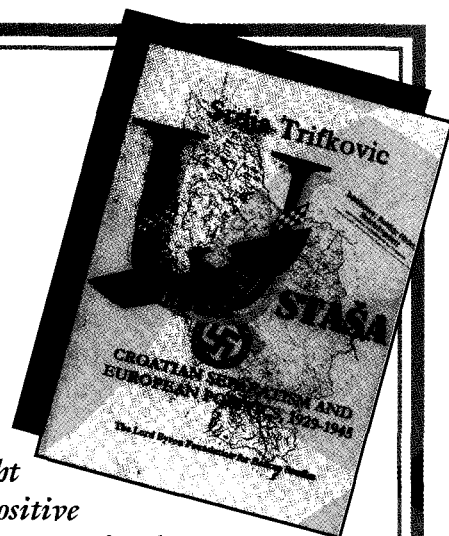
We pay
UPS shipping on
prepaid orders.

8335 Allison Pointe Trail, Suite #300, Dept. S12F, Indianapolis, IN 46250
Explore Liberty Fund's catalogue on the World Wide Web
at www.libertyfund.org

USTAŠA: CROATIAN SEPARATISM AND EUROPEAN POLITICS, 1929-1945

By Srdja Trifkovic

(London and Aiken, SC: The Lord Byron Foundation;
323 pp.; \$19.00; ISBN 1-892478-01-3)



Nations cannot be invented, but even authentic nations, in asserting their identities, often rely on myths and downright lies. Up to a point such myths are harmless and exercise a positive influence. But nationalist myths are not always naive or innocent. Every nation has a record of high crimes and misdemeanors.

The Croats are in a similar position, but their crimes against Serbs, Jews, and Gypsies, because they are more recent, are mixed almost inextricably with the myth-making of Croatian nationalism. The record of Croatian atrocities committed during the brief period of the Ustaša state should speak for itself. Unfortunately, that record has been obscured for a variety of reasons. But nations are nourished on truth, not lies, and the peoples of the Balkans—and those who would presume to tell them how to live—have an urgent need of the truth that only historical scholarship can provide.

Srdja Trifkovic has written such a book, filled with passion for the truth and for giving justice to victims and to oppressors alike, but a book without rancor or malice. He has produced a most impressive piece of work on the western Balkans before and during the Second World War. He illuminates the responsibility of both Germans and Italians in setting up a murderous puppet regime whose strings were pulled, now by the Duce, now by the Führer. The result significantly adds to our understanding, not only of the history of southeastern Europe between 1929 and 1945 but also of the genesis of that long-suffering region's more recent crisis.

The path to sanity and maturity, both in the Balkans and in America, must be blazed by scholars and writers who have the courage and stamina to recover the past. That is why this book is so important.

—From the foreword by Dr. Thomas Fleming

Please send me _____ copies of *Ustaša: Croatian Separatism and European Politics*.
I have enclosed a check or money order for \$21.00 per book (\$19.00 for the book and \$2.00 shipping and handling).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Please make check payable to:
The Lord Byron Foundation
2400 Whiskey Road #175
Aiken, SC 29803